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LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons, or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

L.A.C. Keelty, R.A.A.F., in the Middle East, to Miss M. Apsey, 16 Harwood St., Chatswood, N.S.W. (Illustrated with one of his own drawings):

"HAVE you enrolled in the W.A.A.F.S., B.O.O.F.S., W.O.G.S., or any of the numerous militant women's storm troop movements which seem to be terrifying the civil population and the Japs alike?"

"From impressions I have received in newspapers from home they are a very formidable force; in fact, a 'fine body of women.'"

"But why are there so many uniforms? Is there one each for brunettes, blondes, neutrals and tomato blondes?"

"Cairo is full of dark-eyed damsels of Greek, French, Syrian, etc., origin, besides the Wog belles. But by far the greater percentage are fair to look upon only for a while. They go too fat quite early in life."

"All this as a mere spectator, mind you. I'm very observant and notice these little things in a detached, absent-minded sort of way. Ahem!"

"I'm writing in bed while presenting a heartrending picture—to anyone who doesn't happen to be around at meal times when I shed my pathetic lethargy and hoe into the spread to make up for large quantities of bully and biscuits consumed in the desert."

"Actually there's little enough the matter with me except for an infected leg which has been a little slow clearing up. My present life of luxury is easy to take."

Pte. A. O. Curgenvin to Miss M. Day, 30 Harper St., West Midland, W.A.:

"THE cobbers and I celebrated our 'anniversary' a couple of weeks ago."

"We consumed a few bottles of 'Aussie' each, and were exceedingly happy. Our 'melodious' voices could be heard for miles (so I am told!)."

"For supper we had two roasted chickens, and they were delicious, too. We roasted them ourselves in a half petrol tin as the roasting-dish, and over an open fire!"

"It's marvelous that they were ever cooked, as just after we lit the fire it started to rain (heavily, too)."

"We eventually had 'em cooked to our satisfaction, despite the rain."

"We took it in turns to stand over the fire with our greatcoats open to prevent the rain from putting the fire out."

"We reckon that the chickens tasted all the better after the trouble we had cooking them!"

L-Sgt. H. J. Donald to Mrs. E. M. Wilson, Gipp St., Carrington, Newcastle, N.S.W.:

"YOU mention that both you and your daughter are making camouflage nets."

"If you people had any idea just how essential these articles are you would certainly get a kick out of making them."

"Good camouflage saved us in Greece time without number, especially from our ever-present friends the spotter and the dive-bomber."

"At the last pass above Athens his planes scoured our valley for three days, sometimes just at tree-top level, and he couldn't spot us. Reason, good camouflage."

"We could almost make ourselves look like a stack of maize towards the end of the show, although our tin hats, shiny with wear, were, as usual, the problem."

Winnie the War Winner



"But you said we were going to carry out some field operations to-day."

Sgt. George Lukin in Syria to fellow staff members at Luya, Julius Ltd., Brisbane, Qld.:

"IN Kersab I went to the dentist, and found him very efficient."

"You wander up the mountain-side to his clinic, climb up a few stones into his room."

"The walls are mud and stone in between logs of timber, and the whole whitewashed. The floor is of any old wood at all. The chair is non-adjustable and creaks, a pedal drill, and an ordinary washstand with the works in a case."

"Not very encouraging at first sight, but when he gets to one soon finds out that the doctor knows his work."

"After the first week I was attending him the doctor left and his assistant took over. He is a small man, and the chair was not suitable to the combination of our heights, so he climbed up on the chair."

"He did not slip, for which I was truly thankful, as he used some very fine instruments without torture."

A soldier in the Middle East to his aunt, Mrs. T. Peterson, Duntroon, Canberra, A.C.T.:

"THE Syrian trip was most enjoyable."

"After a rather wild session with some Progies and a Yank war correspondent, a Syrian cafe manager, who was a personal friend of a cobber's grandparents, who, in turn, own much-a-property around Damascus and Beirut (breath), offered to find us sleeping quarters for the night."

"So to Toni's house we went, and what a house it was, too!"

"First of all we wandered through miles and miles of gardens, then came to the front doors (plural)—enormous things—all inlaid with imported woods, and, in places, mother-of-pearl! And it wasn't the champagne made me see all this!"

"As we stood ankle deep in Persian rugs and carpets we gazed in awe at swords, battle-axes, and suits of chain mail that were the height of fashion in King Richard's day."

"Other ornaments scattered round the room were bee-yoo-tiful inlaid tables, chairs, show-cases, picture frames, etc. Coffee was served, then he, Toni, 'distributed' us to our sleeping quarters."

"We only had a bed about ten feet wide each, and a couple of incense burners thrown in for good measure. We wouldn't have been a bit surprised if a team of dancing gals had been there to put on a show!"

Lieut. Russell Henry in Syria to his mother, Mrs. D. L. Henry, Alexandra St., E. St. Kilda, Vic.:

"I GOT all the chaps together the other night out in the open, and we all sat down on blankets in a lovely paddock in the valley and had a quiet sing-song."

"Everyone just hummed the tunes. They were all thinking of those at home and Australia."

"Some of our chaps have excellent voices, and many solos were sung, which echoed up the hills in the silence of the night. We thoroughly enjoyed it all."

"The Old Folks at Home' they harmonised beautifully. There was none of the profanity or coarse laughing for which soldiers are supposed to be noted."

"One of my new officers yodelled a few songs, and his beautiful voice brought a fair crowd of the inhabitants from their homes down the road to listen to us."

"At that time they were still timid and frightened of us, but one chap very softly sang 'Silent Night' and 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"He was that good that the womenfolk wept aloud, which made us all feel very uncomfortable, so to cheer them up we broke into 'Waltzing Matilda' and 'Gundagai,' which pleased them immensely."

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MR. H. W. WOOD
Star catalogue

AS Acting New South Wales Government Astronomer, young Sydney scientist Mr. H. W. Wood has job of compiling the section of the astragraphic catalogue allotted to Sydney Observatory. Observatories all over the world are contributing to the catalogue, which is first of its kind, and which, when completed, will record all heavenly bodies visible from the earth.

Mr. Wood studied astronomy and relativity for his Master of Science degree, Sydney University.

LADY AMPHILL
Prisoners of war

CHAIRMAN, War Prisoners' section, International Red Cross. London, is the Dowager Lady Amphill, one of that notable group of English women, Queen Mary's Ladies of Marlborough House. Herself a soldier's widow, she takes an active part in directing the work of tracing the wounded and missing of all branches of the services.

Appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary in 1911.

MR. SYDNEY CAMM
Farseeing

DESIGNER of Britain's famous Hurricane and Typhoon planes. Mr. Sydney Camm is a quiet London family man.

Has been designing aeroplanes since he was a boy with a passion for model planes, but is not a pilot. His latest masterpiece, the Typhoon, is regarded as the world's best fighter plane.

He says: "One of the greatest troubles in aeroplane designing is having to look so far ahead."

Who's the Girl with the SLIM Figure



SLIM, radiant, distinctive, she is the envy of her sister, the admiration of an adoring opposite sex. A perfect figure—flawless skin—all-round fitness—all may be yours by taking Bile Beans.

A couple of Bile Beans—at bedtime each night—will enable you to "slim while you sleep." Purely vegetable, they disperse fat-forming wastes, keep you internally healthy and your figure youthful and trim.

Be as attractive and as vital as she is! Get that radiant health and youthful, slim figure by taking Bile Beans regularly.

"I have not put on an ounce of surplus fat since taking Bile Beans regularly. They not only keep my figure slim and attractive but ensure splendid health."
—Miss A. TATE.

1/4 and 3/2 a box.

BILE BEANS
Will Keep You Healthily Slim

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- "Sleep to gather strength for the morning—for the morning will come." That was said by Wordsworth—George Washington—Emerson—Winston Churchill—Charles Lamb.
- Spanish cream does not contain cream. You make it of Milk—sugar—cornflour—egg-yolks—white of egg—gelatine.
- Maybe war emergency will see the disappearance of silk stockings from our midst. First known British woman to wear them was Good Queen Bess—Mary Queen of Scots—Amelia Minnow, a 17th century seamstress—Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough.
- "Stars and stripes for ever!" is the toast to our gallant American ally. Those stripes of the American flag are Red and white—blue and white—red and blue.
- Indigo is a shade of Brown—grey—blue—red—yellow.
- You've often seen our threepence with the wheat on it. The wheat side has on it also The date—Australia—Threepence—Commonwealth of Australia—Advance Australia.
- One of these sciences deals with animal and vegetable tissues. Histology—ethnology—morphology—petrology.
- You know plenty about General de Gaulle, but did you know that his Christian name is Andre—Emil—Jean—Jacques—Charles—Pierre.
- Athena, Hebe, Aurora, Iris—charming goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome. Do you know over which of the following each presided? Dawn—the rainbow—youth—wisdom.

Answers on page 16.

Intriguing
Mystery Story

THE STOLEN RUBENS

By...

Agatha Christie



HERCULE POIROT was not so much interested in the Rubens itself. For one thing Rubens was not a painter he admired, and then the circumstances of the theft were quite ordinary. He took up the case, however, to oblige Mr. Simpson, who was by way of being a friend of his, and for a certain private reason of his own.

After the theft, Alexander Simpson sent for Poirot and poured out all his woes. The Rubens was a recent discovery, a hitherto unknown masterpiece, but there was no doubt of its authenticity. It had been placed on display at Simpson's Galleries, and it had been stolen in broad daylight.

It was at the time when the unemployed were pursuing their tactics of lying down on street crossings and penetrating into the Ritz. A small body of them had entered Simpson's Galleries and lain down with the slogan displayed of "Art is a Luxury. Feed the Hungry."

The police had been sent for, everyone had crowded round in eager curiosity, and it was not till the demonstrators had been forcibly removed by the arm of the law that it was noticed that the new Rubens had been neatly cut out of its frame and removed.

Anxiously, Mr. Simpson showed the empty frame to Hercule Poirot.

"It was quite a small picture, you see," he explained ruefully. "A man could put it under his arm and walk out while everyone was looking at those demonstrative unemployed."

The men in question, it was discovered, had been paid for their innocent part in the robbery. They were to demonstrate at Simpson's Galleries. But they had known nothing of the reason until afterwards.

Poirot thought that it was an amusing trick, but did not see what he could do about it. The police, he pointed out, could be trusted to deal with a straightforward robbery.

Alexander Simpson said: "Listen to me, Poirot. I know who stole the picture and where it is going."

It had been stolen by a gang of international crooks on behalf of a certain millionaire who was not above acquiring works of art at a surprisingly low price—and no questions asked! The Rubens, said Simpson, would be smuggled over to France, where it would pass into the millionaire's possession.

The English and French police were on the alert, but Simpson was of the opinion that they would fail.

"And once it has passed into this dirty dog's possession," he said, "it's going to be more difficult. Rich men have to be treated with respect. That's where you come in. The

situation's going to be delicate. You're the man for that."

Finally, without enthusiasm, Poirot was induced to accept the task. He agreed to depart for France immediately. He was not very much interested in his quest, but because of it he was introduced to the case of the missing schoolgirl which interested him very much indeed.

He first heard of it from Chief Inspector Japp, who dropped in to see him just as Poirot was expressing approval of his valet's packing.

"Ha," said Japp. "Going to France, aren't you?"

"Mon cher, you are incredibly well informed at Scotland Yard."

Japp chuckled. "We have our spies! Simpson's got you on to this Rubens business. Doesn't trust us, it seems. Well, that's neither here nor there, but what I want you to do is something quite different. As you're going to Paris anyway, I thought you might as well kill two birds with one stone. Hearn's over there co-operating with the Frenchies—you know Hearn? Good chap, but perhaps not very imaginative. I'd like your opinion."

"What is the matter of which you speak?"

"Child disappeared. It'll be in the papers this evening. Looks as though she's been kidnapped. Daughter of a canon down at Cranchester. Winnie, her name is—Winnie King."

He proceeded with the story.

Winnie had been on her way to Paris, to join that select and high-class establishment for English and American girls—Miss Pope's. She had come up from Cranchester by the early train, had been seen across London by a member of Elder Sisters, Ltd., who undertook such work as seeing girls from one station to another, had been delivered at Victoria to Miss Burshaw, Miss Pope's second-in-command, and had then in company with eighteen other girls left Victoria by the boat train.

Nineteen girls had crossed the Channel, had passed through the Customs at Calais, had got into the Paris train, had lunched in the restaurant car. But when on the outskirts of Paris Miss Burshaw had counted heads it was discovered that only eighteen girls could be found.

"Aha," Poirot nodded. "Did the train stop anywhere?"

"It stopped at Amiens, but at that time the girls were in the restaurant car, and they all say positively that Winnie was with them then. They lost her, so to speak, on the return journey to their compartments. That is to say she did not enter her compartment with the other five girls who were in it. They did not suspect anything was wrong, merely thought she was in one of the two other reserved carriages."

Poirot nodded. "So she was last seen—when exactly?"

"About ten minutes after the train left Amiens. She was last seen entering the wash-room."

"And there is nothing else known?" asked Poirot.

"Yes, one thing." Japp's face was grim. "Her hat was found by the side of the line—at a spot approximately twenty minutes from Amiens."

"But no body?"

"No body."

"What do you yourself think?" asked Poirot.

"Difficult to know what to think. As there's no sign of her body, she can't have fallen off the train."

"Did the train stop at all after leaving Amiens?"

"No. It slowed up once—for a signal, but it didn't stop, and I doubt if it slowed up enough for anyone to have jumped off without injury."

"It was quite a small picture, you see," said Mr. Simpson, ruefully displaying the empty frame to Hercule Poirot.

are plain at that age! Was at my dentist's yesterday. Saw a picture in one of the weeklies of Marcia Gaunt, this season's beauty. I remember her at fifteen when I was down at the Castle over their burglary business. Spotty, awkward, teeth sticking out, hair all lank and anyhow. They grow into beauties overnight—I don't know how they do it! It's like a miracle."

Poirot smiled.

"Women," he said, "are a miraculous sex! What about the child's family? Have they anything to say?"

Japp shook his head. "Nothing that's any help. Mother's an invalid. Poor old Canon King is absolutely bowled over. He swears that the girl was frightfully keen to go to Paris, had been looking forward to it. Wanted to study painting and music—that sort of thing. Miss Pope's girls go in for Art with a capital A."

"Miss Pope's is very well known. Lots of society girls go there. She's strict—quite a dragon—very expensive, and extremely particular whom she takes."

Poirot sighed. "I know the type. And Miss Burshaw who took the girls over from England?"

"Not exactly frantic with brains. Terrified that Miss Pope will say it's her fault."

Poirot said thoughtfully: "There is no young man in the case?"

Japp gesticulated towards the snapshot.

"Does she look like it?"

"No, she does not. But notwithstanding her appearance, she may have a romantic heart. Fifteen is not so young."

Please turn to page 16

The Philosopher's Cat

**Only a kitten—
but it gave him
faith that France
will rise again.**

I HAVE written a letter which may never reach the man it is intended for. I dare not send it through ordinary channels, and the other routes once open to me have disappeared.

The whole affair would be absurd if it were not so disturbing a commentary on our times, for the message deals only with a cat named Celeste, and is addressed to a Frenchman of no importance now living in Abbeville-sur-Somme.

The man's name is Jean Redin. I first met him a year ago in Paris, where I was reporting for Universal News. He was a middle-aged engraver with a little shop in the Rue Marsan, not far from the lower edge of Montmartre.

Our acquaintance began in a small cafe where Bill Lawson and Luke Ennis and I used to spend our evenings. He came over to our table one night, and with the most charming smile I have ever seen introduced himself as "Jean Redin, philosophe de la vie." He asked if he might join us, and we pulled out the other chair.

Philosopher of life is what Jean was. He moved gently and gracefully into our conversation, and we soon realised that we had come upon one of those rare individuals for whom the exchange of ideas is life itself. There was no topic too small to bring a gleam to his lively brown eyes, no side of human experience too remote to engage an attention that was literally breathless.

As might be expected, our talk finally veered to the war, and our new acquaintance shrugged.

Yes, he had been in the last war. But such an unphilosophical business, messieurs!

For so many months so many men hating each other. A matter for regret, surely. He, Jean Redin, had fought and had hated, but it had distressed him, like tainted fish on the stomach. There are no ideas in war, only mud and cacophony.

At first the others and I looked on Jean as a novelty, a sort of character relief from the tedium of reporting a war that was not a war. But, as time passed, we began to appreciate the unerring kindness that warmed each thought of our homely, rotund little friend. Towards the end, any of us would have given his shirt for him; but I seemed to be his favorite, perhaps because he detected a certain naiveness in me that he hoped to soften.

In May, of course, the war became a war. One hot Saturday morning the authorities scoured the city and rounded up a division or so of reservists who should never have shouldered another gun. Jean was among them, and I accompanied him to the Gare du Nord, where he had been told to report.

For the first time since I had



known him, he seemed dejected. "The threads of one's life, of one's interests, are hard to keep unbroken," he said to me on the platform. He had his eyes on a mother and daughter who were embracing a man his own age. Then he looked quickly into my face. "Do you think we have a chance, monsieur?"

"It's in the bag," I told him. "Hitler has stuck his neck out too far this time."

"But such a neck," he murmured, shaking his head. A whistle blew below us. Jean straightened and smiled, then kissed me on both cheeks. That was our leave-taking, for he turned immediately and strode away, giving what swagger he could to the tails of his faded uniform.

I was in Paris when the Germans marched in. I had watched France's broken divisions stream past the city, and I had wondered whether any of those weary, plodding infantrymen was Jean. I did not see him.

The arrival of the Germans meant marching orders for most of the correspondents, but during a previous year in Germany I had somehow pleased Goebbels, and so after some telephoning I was allowed to stay. They wouldn't let me send anything out, of course, but at least I was on the ground.

About two weeks after the armistice Howdy McLean of American Newsfoto sneaked into town and hid in my apartment. He had been up along the coast when the big push started, and had managed to escape notice while the tanks rolled past. He said that near Abbeville he had run into a labor battalion of French prisoners, and one of them had given him a letter for me.

The letter, I found, was from Jean. My dear friend (he wrote):

We were poor soldiers, we men of Paris. We belonged to that Ninth Army which failed at the

Meuse, as you undoubtedly have heard. I and many of my comrades were captured on the second day, and our conquerors have put us to work in the potato fields.

They say we shall remain here indefinitely.

I am writing to you on a matter of great urgency. At home I did not live alone, monsieur. I shared the poor quarters above my shop with a beautiful creature—a cat, in fact. I beg your kindness in her behalf.

You will easily recognise Celeste, for hers is an appearance beyond the common.

Picture, monsieur, a cat of the most exquisite proportions, colored with the gold of a Paris sunset. Observe the white whiskers of a feminine delicacy, the velvet chevrons above her paws, the tail whose curl is a thought unvoiced.

And look into her eyes, monsieur. They are the eyes of Sappho.

My Celeste is of a character the most estimable among cats. She is wise, she is gentle, she is understanding. Each night she awaited my return from the cafe so that we might discuss whatever of value had been said that day.

Such happy hours, monsieur! I outdid myself in finding the precise word, the exact distinction, and she listened with a gravity and an attention most flattering to my heart.

She can be eloquent, too, as I have witnessed. Twice, on looking from my bedroom window in the early morning, I have seen a half-moon of cats below me in the courtyard, all sitting quietly, all with their faces turned toward the steps where Celeste sat, her tail curved around her. She was speaking to them in soft mewings, with sometimes a throaty note that made them tilt their heads. She talked

"It's in the bag. Hitler has stuck his neck out too far this time," I assured the old Frenchman.

to them for fifteen minutes, then got to her feet and stretched.

At this the others stood up also and walked away slowly, the large cats first, the smaller ones behind. It was a remarkable sight, monsieur, and a remarkable tribute to my Celeste.

Will you help her, my friend? It is now many days since I gave her the little fish she liked so well, and I fear she may be hungry.

If you seek her, look in the courtyard behind my shop. I do not think she will be in the street, for she does not like a heavy footstep, and I have noticed that my present employers, of whom there must be a great many in Paris, wear very thick soles on their shoes. You can buy the small fish for a centime or less, and she will eat them daintily, leaving the bones

very white and clean and easy to dispose of. She will not be a trouble, monsieur, and we both will be forever grateful.

About myself there is little to say. We lead a dull life here, for our employers discourage inquiry and the exercise of the mind. It is forbidden, they tell us. And, monsieur, I have grown to abhor potatoes! Some day I should like to discuss with you this ugly vegetable, so that you may tell me what change of being exalts it between the field and the casserole.

Do not write to me, monsieur, at least while you remain in France. I have seen what happens to writers of letters and to readers of them under this regime. It will be enough if I may hope that you have found Celeste and that she is not entirely at the mercy of the world.

Au revoir, my friend, until better times.

Yours faithfully,
JEAN REDIN.

That is the letter the answer to which lies here on my desk in New York in its addressed envelope. There is a chance that one of our relief outfits may get to Abbeville this winter, and if that happens, Jean may read what I have written. It is not much, but as follows:

Dear Jean: Your letter reached me the day before I was called home from Paris. I was relieved to know you had come out of that mess alive, though sorry, naturally, that you are up against the next worst thing. Yet while one lives, as the philosopher said, there is hope, which is perhaps the most that any of us can say in times like these.

I found Celeste where you said she would be. She was thin and sad-eyed, but still the beautiful lady you had described to me. She was grateful for the little fishes I fed her, but much more so for the news of your safety, which I conveyed in my bad French but which she really seemed to understand.

I hope the rest of my story will please you.

When I got word I was to leave Paris, I bought one of those lidded baskets for transporting animals. In this I carried Celeste to Lisbon, whence we took passage on a Greek freighter to New York. She bore the trip well, with an intelligence and a resignation you would have admired, and since our arrival she has adapted herself gracefully to life in an apartment.

Here we await you, Celeste and I. Some day you will join us, and for nights on end we'll discuss all manner of things, including those potatoes.

Until then, au revoir, my friend. We think of you constantly.

Sincerely yours,
DANIEL STUART.

I hope my letter will make Jean a little happier, and I wish the facts in it were true.

Please turn to page 12

Synopsis:

FLYING-OFFICER JERRY CHAMBERS, of the Coastal Command, sinks a submarine which turns out to have been British. A naval Court of Inquiry, at which

CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the Navy, assists in presiding, finds him guilty of negligence in not identifying the submarine. Caranz, Jerry transfers to the Bomber Command, volunteers for special service with Marine Experimental Unit and is sent back near his previous station, as test pilot in trying out

PROFESSOR LEGGE'S very scientific and dangerous device for sinking ships. As he is responsible to

WING-COMMANDER HEWITT, he does not know that the trials are actually being conducted by Captain Burnaby. Having tea at a little country inn with **MONA STEVENS**, he learns her that his new work will not allow him much free time. Now read on:—

LANDFALL

Continuing our vivid war serial



Jerry, after the arduous work of the trials, found Mona's bright companionship doubly welcome.

in a groove," he said. "I don't want that one, either. I want to go on as we are."

She was silent. He said: "I've not got a lot of use for people who think they're going to get bumped off next week, and so they take a running jump into a honeymoon. If I got married I should want to have a kid or two and see them growing up. And if I couldn't see beyond the middle of next week, I'd just as soon lay off it altogether."

"I feel that way, too. It wouldn't be like being married if you didn't have kids."

He grinned. "They'll want people like us when this war's over."

She looked up into his face. "There's one thing I don't understand," she said slowly. "All this you say about you're going to be killed. What's it all about?"

"Indigestion, I should think."

"Talk sensible for once, Jerry."

"It does happen from time to time, even in the best-conducted wars."

"Is that what you do at Titchfield very dangerous?"

He slipped an arm around her shoulders and drew her to him. He wanted to make her understand, to see the matter in its true proportions.

Please turn to page 28

MONA said: "You and your work! I believe you just play about, out at that aerodrome."

He grinned and said: "Have another doughnut." She shook her head. "I've finished."

He took one himself. "Honestly," she said, "what do you do all day?" He eyed her for a moment. "I can tell you one thing that I did last week."

"What's that?"

He said: "Made my will."

This was quite true. He had been to Smith's, the booksellers, and had bought a will form in an envelope for sixpence.

He had read the instructions carefully, as carefully as if they had been for the circuit of his wireless set or for the rigging of his caravel. Then he had sat down and had written what he wanted to say upon the ruled lines of the form, without erasures or alterations. He had folded it over and got a couple of the batmen to witness his signature. Then he had sealed it in an envelope and put it at the back of the drawer in which he kept his collars.

Mona stared at him, uncertain whether to believe him. "No kidding?"

He munched the doughnut. "Not a bit. Show it you, if you like." She was puzzled, uncertain of his mood. "I don't believe you made a will at all." People didn't make wills till they were old, about to die.

He took a drink of tea. "Well, I did. I can't show it to you now, because I haven't got it with me. But I'll tell you what's in it."

She was silent. There was something that she didn't understand. His eyes smiled at her. He said: "Like me to tell you?"

She said quietly: "If you want to, Jerry."

In the short evening of the winter day it was already dusk. In the long room it was getting dark; the flickering firelight was already brighter than the windows. Outside the trees massed blackly against the deep blue sky, which seemed to pale towards the whale-back of the Downs. It was quiet outside in the village street. Quiet and cold.

Mona said softly: "What did you do that for?" He grinned at her, a little embarrassed. "It's not enough to bother about," he said. "There's a couple of hundred pounds in war loan that Aunt Mollie left me. That's all there is, really, except things like my wireless set—and the car, of course. That's worth about thirty quid."

There was a silence. She leaned towards him, puzzled and distressed. "But, Jerry, I don't want your money. Honest, I don't."

"I hope you're not going to get it. I shall be very much upset if you do."

By NEVIL SHUTE

She stared at him. "But what did you want to make a will for, anyway?"

He leaned back in his chair. "Well, somebody's got to have what I've got. In case I should get killed or anything."

"So you thought you'd leave it all to me?"

He nodded.

She got up from the table and came round to his chair. She stood by him, looking down at him as he leaned back, balancing on the back legs of the chair with one leg crooked beneath the table.

"Why me?" she said gently.

He began fingering the bottom edge of her jumper, and he was silent for a moment. Then he looked up at her.

"Because we've had a fine time."

cause you were so frightfully nice to me after I sank Caranz. You know, you did a lot for me then. I wanted to do something, if I could, to pay back what I owe you. Even if I was to do myself a bit of no good."

Her eyes moistened. "You don't want to talk like that, Jerry."

He grinned. "All right—let's drop it. Let's talk about something else."

Her mother had quite rightly said that Mona was quick. "That's right," she said. "Let's talk about what happens if you live to be ninety." She laughed down at him tremulously. "You're trying to make out you owe me something. If you die, I get two hundred quid and your car."

He was uncertain what was coming. "And my wireless set," he said. "You mustn't forget that. I got Chungking the other night."

"But that's all if you're dead. What do I get if you live to be ninety?"

With the hand that had been fingering her jumper he slapped her. "A good spanking. You can have the first instalment of it now, if you like."

She looked down at him. "What do I get?" she repeated.

"If I told you, you'd slap my face and start out to walk home."

"It's twenty miles. I couldn't walk that far."

"You'd have to take a bus."

"There aren't any buses." There was a short pause, and then she said: "You'd better tell me, Jerry."

He jerked forward in his chair and got up. He took her hands in his and stood there looking down on her blushing pink. Her eyes were hardly higher than the stained and drooping wings upon his chest.

"All right," he said. "I'll tell you. If this was peace-time and things were ordinary, I should want you to marry me, Mona. But I don't want that."

She said in a small voice: "What do you want then, Jerry?"

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



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THEY ALSO SERVE

Troubles of the children keep mother busy too.

By
MARGARET CRAVEN

JUDY WINSLOW sat in the end seat of the back row, and wished fervently she hadn't come. It was one of her off days—one of those days peculiar to every mother when she feels her own inadequacies heavy upon her.

On the platform Doreen Freeman was giving the last of her season's lectures. Doreen came every Wednesday morning to tell the town's harassed mothers how to keep up with the world and bring up their children. Doreen, of course, had no children. In fact, she wasn't even married.

Judy, who had four, listened with a slight grimace about the mouth.

To-day everything Doreen said irritated her. She had a horrible desire to march straight up, take Doreen by the hand, lead her home and turn her over to the four young Winslows for an hour or two. An hour or two would be enough.

It was a nice thought, and she smiled.

Three seats away little Susan Fleming saw the smile and smiled back, nodding vigorously. Susan took her Freeman neat, frightfully impressed.

Poor little Susan! She had only one, and he was still an infant who had not yet discovered he could crawl. Wait until he started breaking up the furniture, and she had to try to reason with him.

If the world was to be saved, Doreen was insisting, the women must take over the job. It was certainly no use leaving it to the men.

No use at all, echoed Judy with emotion. Take John, her own husband, for instance. Only this morning she had tried to enlist his aid in helping to rescue

three of their offspring from problems and had she succeeded? She had not.

John had said, "Nonsense, Judy. They're growing up. It's just a phase." With this aged pronouncement he had put a slightly buttery peck on her cheek and set out for the office.

The lecture came to a close. The women trickled down the aisles and out into the sun.

Grace Humphreys was waiting at the kerb. Grace had five.

Judy said, "Hello, Grace. How are you?"

"That's just it," Grace told her. "Altogether too well. No aches and pains. It isn't normal. Last time it happened all five came down with the measles. How are your four?"

"Well-I-I!"

"Oh, I know. Absolutely perfect as usual. Here comes Susan Fleming. I'd better go. Last time I saw her I told her I hated to think the holidays were here again. My dear, the look she gave me. Give me a ring, Judy."

Judy promised Grace to give her a ring and turned to greet Susan.

Susan said, "Wasn't the lecture wonderful, Mrs. Winslow? I couldn't help thinking of you. I mean you have such a perfect family. Your children don't seem to be a bit of trouble to you."

I can't think how you do it. I just hope I can do half—"

Judy murmured a few platitudes and walked quickly up the road by herself.

Her steps slowed as she neared home, and

the fringe of her problems reached out to touch her.

A little car dashed down the street, drew to the kerb with a flourish and a giggle adolescent voice called out, "Hello, Mrs. Winslow."

There sat Mary Frobisher as close to an unknown and gangling youth as she could get. Mary Frobisher with a plop of fat home-made curls perched above her forehead, a smear of crimson on her lips, and a look of rapture on her face.

"How's Betsy, Mrs. Winslow?" asked Mary Frobisher. "Oh, I do like Betsy so much. She's such a dear young thing."

There was no dodging the emphasis on that word "young" with which Mary Frobisher relegated her erstwhile best friend to the pram.

"She's quite well, Mary, my dear," said Judy evenly. "We've missed you. You must come over and see us soon."

"Oh, I will. Good-bye, Mrs. Winslow." With a rush and a rattle Mary was gone.

UNDOUBTEDLY

Mary Frobisher had been driving backwards and forwards in front of the house just so that Betsy could see her. And the poor child was already so miserable it made Judy's heart ache to think about it.

For weeks now nothing had suited Betsy. The house was shabby. The furniture old. Her mother's new hat looked like a salad bowl. All it needed was a hard-boiled egg. Betsy liked nothing and nobody, and she didn't know why.

Judy knew. It was because Betsy no longer liked herself. She wanted a plop of curls above her own brow, a bright smear of paint on her own lips. Betsy wanted to go racing round the town at the risk of her neck and to the rapture of her soul, and any minute she was going to wake up and start doing it, too—if Judy couldn't hang on to her just a bit longer.

She walked on, heavy with thought. She came to the large house on the corner, where the new family lived.

The woman was out in the garden, telling a gardener how to trim the hedge, her voice loud and demanding. On the front step sat an overgrown small boy, engaged in pulling the ears of a little dog and making it yelp.

Judy winced—not just for the dog, but for Billy—her own little Billy who for days now had stuck close to home. Billy was afraid of this bully, and with justice. If he went down the road, the boy followed him, pushed him off his bike, badgered and plagued him.

Of course Judy had told John, and every night for a week now John and Billy had retired to the attic straight after dinner on some secretive business of their own.

"I'll handle this, Judy," John said. "Now just stop worrying."

Boxing lessons. That's what was going on. Boxing



Judy, Tommy, and Mr. Winslow stared transfixed as Betsy came down the stairs.

lessons. And if John thought that she was going to stand by and watch her precious little boy get into a fight and have his nice little face banged and battered, well—she wasn't.

She was almost home. There was the big rambling white house, spacious and charming—and needing paint. There in the middle of the lawn stood the mower, deserted in the midst of operations.

Bob had deserted again. There is something queer about the ears of a seventeen-year-old, Judy thought. You can shout from the next room, and he won't hear you. But let some girl telephone, and he'll hear it ringing half a mile away.

What were lawns and a lawn mower to her Bob? He was in love for the first time in his life, terribly, madly, in love. Judy shivered when

she thought of the girl. So soft and pretty—and so cheap. There was no telling what she'd do to him, if Judy didn't find some way to stop it.

But how? From the platform Doreen Freeman made all these problems seem funny, and exciting, and simple. According to Doreen, a clever mother applied a little psychology, and lo—her children were back on the path without knowing they'd ever left it.

Judy hadn't pulled strings, because she didn't know what strings to pull. She had thought and worried, and arrived just nowhere.

She walked up the steps and in at the door. Daisy had just called the children to lunch. Judy joined them. Was it only an idea, or did the meal seem strained to-day?

Please turn to page 30



How women prepare to protect their homes



A TABLE makes effective shelter, especially with a mattress on top of it. This N.E.S. advice is being carried out by Mrs. A. E. Williams, who lives near Milson's Point.



MRS. W. McLEAN keeps a good supply of sand in her back garden at Kirribilli. She is filling a kerosene bucket, to be placed in the kitchen.



SOLDIERS working at top speed to erect coastal defences. Barb-wire entanglements are now a familiar sight on surfing beaches.

Each house should be ready Some are—some are not Special N.E.S. survey

By BETTY NESBIT

Sandbags piled high at the facades of city buildings, soldiers wearing tin hats and carrying gas-masks over their shoulders, the partial blackout, huge scarlet signs directing the way to air-raid shelters . . . what a change has come over Australia in the last few weeks!

As one of a curious crowd yesterday I watched the transformation of a beach from a famous pleasure resort to an area of military importance.

UP and down the beach huge tractors were driven to bank up the sand into formidable trenches. Rows and rows of barbed wire cut out sinister silhouettes against a fading blue sky.

A family, who had been enjoying a picnic, the father holding two children by the hand, the mother carrying a baby, examined machine-gun emplacements with great interest.

Mother said, "Come away, Johnny," when Johnny, the small son, wanted to make a closer investigation.

Soldiers, with fantastic piles of gear, tin mugs, greatcoats, tin hats, binoculars and guns, made themselves comfortable for the night on benches where formerly one sat to listen to the band on peaceful Sunday nights.

And all the time the crowd moved up and down, a silent crowd . . . shocked into silence by this evidence that their country was menaced.

Mingled with the shock was the feeling, "Well, we're doing something about it, anyhow."

All over the city, parks, once washed in green and splashed with color, are now less lovely but comforting with their zig-zag slit trenches and tumbled piles of earth and clay.

And what of the citizens themselves, the civilians whose duty it will be to protect their homes and families should enemy bombers attack Sydney?

I made a survey of numbers of city suburbs and visited many homes.

In some cases I felt the householders would be well advised to feel a little panic. It might stir them into a realisation that it can happen here.

On the other hand, hundreds were perfectly calm and matter-of-fact about the prospect of air raids, yet they have proceeded to make their homes safe against such attacks as far as possible.

Even those who had not bothered to do anything practical had read the articles on what to do in air raids which are being published every day in the newspapers.

Nearly all had decided just what they would do in the event of a raid, what room would be the safest in the house.

Only a handful said, "Well, we'll wait till it happens."

One simple procedure has been neglected by many householders—protection from casualties which can be caused by broken glass flying through the air.

These can be effectively stopped by putting strips of paper, cellophane, adhesive tape, butter-muslin, cheese-cloth, mosquito-netting, or frames of wire across the glass.

I found that flat-dwellers, on the whole, are relying on their landlords to make arrangements for blacking-out the windows and providing the buckets of sand and shovels to deal with incendiary bombs.

Shovels locked away

TENANTS in a block of flats in Double Bay, a suburb noted for high rents and opulent houses, said that the landlord had not spoken to them about A.R.P., but bins of sand had been placed on each landing.

The shovels, however, had been locked away, and no one seemed to know just where they were.

Another woman, Mrs. J. Montague, living in the same district, said she was still contemplating whether she

I VISITED sixty houses in metropolitan suburbs and found that:

30 were prepared for permanent blackout.

20 householders had bought the paper, but had not fitted it.

4 had treated the windows with paper or material to prevent casualties from flying glass.

6 were prepared to evacuate, and had therefore done nothing.

33 had sand and shovels in the house.

25 had sand, but no shovels.

14 had made no preparation at all.



MRS. ANGUS LIGHTFOOT-WALKER at the entrance to the shelter in the garden of her home at Rose Bay. It has sides and roof of reinforced concrete and steel.

should evacuate with her children to the country.

"If we stay, however," she said, "my husband is going to build a trench in the back garden. I would feel more comfortable outside."

In a nearby street I found a house whose owners had taken all the precautions.

Every window had its blind of blackout paper, casement windows had the paper tacked to them; big glass windows carried sticking-paper in criss-crossed strips to prevent glass from shattering; in each room brown paper bags full of sand had been placed.

These will be used to destroy incendiary bombs. Kerosene buckets filled with sand were also placed in handy positions together with a long-handled wooden shovel and hoe which everyone by now knows are needed to pick up an incendiary bomb.

In another house an air-raid shelter has been made under the outside stairs leading to the upper portion of the house.

Its outside wall had been fortified with sandbags, and the entrance will also be protected.

As there were no sandbags available for the entrance, the owner of the house was preparing to make large bags from unbleached calico and fill them with sand and concrete. Forty yards of calico had been ordered.

In the garden of this house signs had been put up to mark the position of the gas and water mains which have to be turned off in the event of a raid.

I found a great contrast in the preparedness of two typical city districts, Kirribilli and Manly.

In the first, a crowded suburb, only two householders out of twenty had not taken steps to protect their property.

Those at the other, a seaside

suburb, were unconcerned. Many of the dwellers were only there temporarily, and although their stay might be of three or four months' duration, they had not done anything.

Typical of the attitude of the householders in the "prepared" suburb was Mrs. W. McLean, an elderly woman.

She and her husband had fitted all the windows with blackout paper.

"Mr. McLean has made a long-handled shovel and hoe, and we have buckets of sand in the house," she told me. "I am also going to make small, flat sandbags to throw onto incendiary bombs."

"Putting it off"

FARTHER down the street a woman who had three children said she was preparing to evacuate to the country. She considered that the best thing to do.

Another housewife admitted that she had done nothing and did not intend to, "unless Singapore falls."

Opposite to her lives a family well prepared.

The owner of this home told me, "The Government expects everyone to help himself, so that is why we have done all we can."

In Manly most of the householders had gone as far as buying blackout paper, but few had made the blinds for the windows.

Everybody was full of good intentions "to do something later on."

The most "bomb conscious" resident was surely the little boy of four years whom I discovered busily filling two bright painted buckets with sand in a sand heap in the street.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

He gave me a grin and said: "I'm getting the sand for the 'incendiary bombs!'"



MRS. C. V. PERKINS, of Double Bay, and her son, John, fit a blackout frame to the window of their lounge-room. Frames have been made for all the windows in the house by Mr. Perkins, who is a warden.



IAN ARMSTRONG, on holiday at Manly, helps with the important task of pasting strips of material over glass.



MATRON KATHLEEN BEST, R.R.C. (left), with Sisters Greenwood, Roche, and Hayes in one of the nurses' tents in Palestine.



FRONT VIEW of the A.I.F. nurses' billet in Greece where Matron Best won her R.R.C.

Kathleen Best "sure makes a grand matron"

Nurse's tribute to A.I.F.'s first R.R.C. in this war

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"I feel the proudest woman alive at this moment." This is what Matron Kathleen Best wrote to her mother of the work of the nurses of the 5th Australian General Hospital in the evacuation of Greece.

Matron Best has been awarded the Royal Red Cross for the part she played in that brief, unforgettable glory.

WHEN volunteers were called for to remain in Greece to look after the wounded, Matron Best's entire staff of nurses volunteered.

She had to select the forty girls who stayed with her until the last party of troops was evacuated.

Except for her praise of her nurses, "my marvellous girls," or "my children," as she calls them, Matron Best told her family very little about the evacuation except that they all left Greece "in a somewhat wilted condition."

The only other detail she gave them was a sad little

list of the few things she managed to take out of Greece—a small clock, her family photographs, her matron's brown cuffs, two fountain pens, and her treasured copy of Rupert Brooke's poems.

In the comfortable sitting-room of the Bests' family home at Ryde, with photographs of their eldest daughter in uniform and souvenirs from the Middle East around us, Mrs. Best showed me snapshots and letters from her daughter.

There was much about the beauties of Greece, humorous situations, references to her friends, but little about the responsible task she has been given.

We both looked a bit guilty when Mrs. Best read her daughter's com-



AFTER the Greek evacuation Matron Best on a Palestine beach.

ments on the fact that newspapers wanted information about her after the Greek campaign:

"Say to them that we do not like publicity, and that I am a very ordinary person doing a small job to justify my existence," she wrote.

"Kath never tells us anything about her work," said her mother, "but some of the nurses write to me and tell me more than she does."

Mrs. Best read me a letter from Matron Sage, Matron-in-Chief in the Middle East, in which she said: "She is doing a grand job. You have every reason to be proud of her."



MATRON KATHLEEN BEST, who was awarded the Royal Red Cross for her work as matron in charge of A.I.F. nurses in Greece.

Another letter from Staff Nurse Marjorie Glibbey said:

"She had a lot to cope with in Greece, but kept everything under control and she has all our greatest admiration."

"She amazed even me how she could manage to keep so calm, and I assure you that you can feel very proud of her, as we do."

"She sure makes a grand matron."

"Kath wanted to be a nurse from earliest childhood," said Mrs. Best. "Even when she was only seven she used to play nurses on any children who were willing to be made into patients and bandaged."

"Some of her photographs make her look very grown-up and solemn, but she isn't at all. Naturally she seems just a young girl to me."

Dream dinner

"IT'S difficult to remember she has such a responsible job when she writes like this . . ."

Mrs. Best brought out a letter from tidily-arranged stacks in a box.

"When I come home I want soup, fowl, green peas, sweet potatoes, baked potatoes, and apple pie and cream for my first dinner—cooked by you, Mum."

"And plenty of cake and scones for supper and the wireless turned on full blast."

"Then I will realise I am really home."

Probably the youngest matron on active service, Matron Best is only 31.

She has a serenely beautiful face and fine blue eyes. She is a keen golfer, plays tennis and swims, and is a consistent race follower.

"She was delighted when they turned their new radio on for the first time at their latest hospital to find they had tuned-in to an Australian station," her mother added. "The first thing they heard was a review of the racing in Sydney and Melbourne."

Matron Best left Palestine for Eritrea on her birthday in August. Eritrea, she said, was "just heaven" to the nurses. "The scenery is lovely, and there are lots of trees."

She has a three-roomed flat of

her own which she said was so luxurious compared to tent life at other hospitals that she could live quite happily in the bathroom.

In one of her most recent letters she described the unit's anniversary celebration.

"On Sunday night we had one of the nicest dinner parties, if not the nicest, that I've ever been to."

"The girls and a couple of the officers set the tables, and the flowers looked lovely."

"We had the unit flag which we rescued from Greece, the Union Jack, and Australian flag decorating the walls, plus a photo of the King and Queen."

"Our cook did his bit nobly, and after scouring Eritrea the officers produced two sucking pigs and a couple of turkeys, which were delicious."

"We also had soup and collected all the tins of fruit and cream which we have been saving up for months and had fruit salad and cream."

"Our cook also made a very nice

savory out of cheese."

"We spent the rest of the evening with the piano and mouth-organ."

"The speeches were excellent, although I came in for a lot of chipping, and had to respond twice without any preparation whatever."

"Each time they proceeded to sing lustily 'K-K-Katie,' which was slightly embarrassing—but only to me, I noticed."

"I couldn't help feeling very sad though, so many were missing."

"Especially did I feel sad when Major Murray proposed the toast to absent friends, and a silent toast to Colonel Kay and Sister Gay."

Colonel Kay was killed in Greece, and Sister Gay died of illness some time ago.

Matron Best's parents both belong to pioneer families. Her mother's family were Scots-Irish and her father's ancestors came out with Governor Phillip.

Their original property is the site of the Masonic Homes at Baulkham Hills.

Trained at Western Suburbs Hospital, Matron Best then went to Rachel Forster Hospital, and was sub-matron at the Masonic Hospital, Ashfield, when she enlisted.

Our £2000 story quest hailed by Australian writers

Some questions answered

Entries are pouring in from all parts of the Commonwealth to The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 fiction contest.

Among the correspondence certain questions recur concerning the competition.

HERE is a popular query: "Must my manuscript be typewritten?"

The answer is that while clean, typewritten manuscript is preferred we will not bar entrants who submit us stories in longhand, provided that it is legibly written, and on one side of the paper.

"Am I eligible for this contest?" writes a Scotsman who has lived for 40 years in Australia. This contest is liberal in its application. The Australian Women's Weekly is looking for people who will write about our own country—any Briton who knows Australia is welcome to compete.

New Zealanders are also eligible for the contest, and themes on New Zealand would come within the scope of the Australasian scene. Many readers have asked for entry forms and full particulars of the competition.

No entry forms are being sent out owing to the newspaper rationing and paper shortage, and the contest has been made simple to avoid confusion among entrants.

If you want to compete in this

competition you write your story, label it for the section "short story" or "serial" that you desire to compete in, and post it to this office. That is all you have to do.

The contest is open to all writers. Some readers seem to think that it is for amateurs alone, others think it is entirely for professional writers. It does not matter whether you have written one book or one hundred or none at all, if you feel you can write a story you are eligible for the contest.

Guide for entrants

FOR the guidance of readers, here is a brief outline of the contest. The Australian Women's Weekly will pay £1000 for the best Australian novel available for a serial.

In addition, cash prizes of £200 each will be paid for short stories by Australian writers in the five following groups: ROMANCE, ADVENTURE, WAR STORIES, THRILLER, HUMOR.

The directors of Consolidated Press Ltd., publishers of The Australian Women's Weekly, have approved a plan which, in addition to the £2000 contest, agrees to a panel of writers drawn from the contest being given contracts to write for

THE prizes in The Australian Women's Weekly fiction contest are:

£1000 for a serial (70,000-90,000 words), £200 in each of the five short story sections—romance, adventure, war stories, thriller, humor (3000 to 8000 words).

The Australian Women's Weekly the sort of Australian stories we are all anxious to read.

It has been decided to close the five sections of the short-story contest on March 31, 1942. The serial will close on September 30, 1942.

Short-story contest entries must be between 3000 and 8000 words in length. MS must be marked with section it is intended for.

Serials must be between 70,000 and 90,000 words.

If the story reaches publication standard it will be purchased.

Use your own name or the name you have selected and decided to write under as a permanent thing.

With regard to serials competing for the £1000 prize, these will not be published until after judging in September.

All entries will be judged by an editorial board of The Australian Women's Weekly, and the decision of the editor of The Australian Women's Weekly shall be final and binding on all competitors.

There is nothing to prevent your trying again if your first entry is rejected.

Your story may be published even if it is not a prizewinner.

R.A.A.F. STAGES MELODRAMA IN DESERT



TEXAS DAN, headliner in this Air Force concert in the desert. Clothes by courtesy of the enemy. Shirt and stars (Italian); scarf is part of Italian parachute; holster (German). Moustache from Dan's own hair.



A LEADING-AIRCRAFTMAN is the padre in this scene from a comedy staged by the R.A.A.F. in the Western Desert. He calls this "instructing his flock."



CLOSE-UP of piano reveals that it is a series of bottles containing varying amounts of water to provide a scale. Player is really an accomplished pianist on more conventional instrument. Orchestra included home-made violins.



SCENE from a breath-taking mellerdrama of the Little Nell school complete with villain, hero, heroine (rather husky), and aged father. This one brought the house down.

Editorial

JANUARY 17, 1942

Our friends are powerful, too

IN spite of the gravity of Australia's immediate situation as the Pacific war sounds hourly more loudly in our ears, we had time to be cheered and inspired by news of the signing by twenty-six nations of the "stick together" pact.

This pact promised a united fight to victory, a fight in which none of the twenty-six would falter, none would make a separate peace or armistice with the common enemy.

This is the greatest military alliance in history, but it is more than that.

It is the welding into one family of such great powers as Britain, United States, Russia, and such little brothers as Nicaragua, Haiti, and so on.

Such unison of object gives hope that some better order can come about in this weary world.

It glimpses all nations working together for the good of all, a new League of Nations founded not only on vision but also on strength.

Coming at a time when a new and powerful enemy has taken up arms against us, this great pledge is a clear sign of faith in the democratic power to triumph.

But it will not be enough for this historic, massive alliance to win only a triumph of arms.

The parties to it must be prepared to achieve a more difficult feat as well—a triumph of reconstruction when the battle is over.

Wise statesmanship can hold together the twenty-six partners in peace as in war.

They will have the power to remake the world with universal justice and freedom as its keystone.

—THE EDITOR.

Six-weeks-old baby youngest Penang evacuee

Mother's story of escape by sea, land, and air

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Pamela Grant Watson, of Penang, is six weeks old. She sleeps most of the time, she has slept indeed while order changed to chaos, while confidence turned to bewilderment when the Japanese swooped on Penang.

Pamela was 25 days old when the order came for women and children to leave Penang. Now, after a nightmare journey by car and train and ship and aeroplane, Pamela is in Sydney, knowing neither that she has already lived through an epic nor that it is an epic already becoming common-place.

THE experiences of Pamela, her six-year-old sister, Anne, and her mother are not unique.

To-day in Australia are hundreds of mothers and children who have been torn from their homes in the East and the islands, and rushed to refuge in the shadow of the wings of war.

Some of the babies here to-day made their entry into the world below deck on crowded ships, while on deck the crew were at action stations.

Mrs. Grant Watson, the embodiment of the courage of British women, would be the last person to regard her experiences as notably worse than those of many others.

She had, as she explained, one or two pieces of excellent luck.

But when I called to see her the day after she and her two children arrived in Sydney, I felt that in her courage and calm acceptance of her world turned upside down was typified that of the hundreds of mothers who have come to Australia because they must, not because they were afraid.

Four hours to leave

I FOUND her at a Sydney hotel with her two children, minus even luggage.

"Our luggage, with that of many others, was mislaid somewhere on the way," she explained.

"We arrived in the clothes in which we left, and with my small handbag and a little shopping bag containing a few of the baby's necessities."

In conversational tones, and not without surprise that I should ask so many questions, she told me what happened.

Women and children had four hours to leave Penang.

"We were bewildered, chiefly," said Mrs. Grant Watson.

"There had already been air raids. Our surprise at the fact that the raids were made in the day, with little opposition, was increasing to astonishment."

"But up to three o'clock on that afternoon we had no idea that we were to abandon our homes."

"We had known, of course, that there would be raids, but we thought Penang was very strongly defended."

I wanted to know how it felt to be told to leave your home with one suitcase each. What would one want to take? Would one rush around looking regretfully at possessions, perhaps take some foolish sentimental trifle?

But it wasn't like that at all, Mrs. Grant Watson explained.

"Even at that late hour we thought we were going to Singapore. In our wildest imagination none of us guessed how soon Penang would be in Japanese hands."

"Besides"—with practical common sense—"one suitcase each is only enough for clothes, and when there are young children to think of one considers only necessities for their comfort."

"We were to be ready at 7 p.m.," said Mrs. Grant Watson. "We piled into cars for the first stage of our journey—to the ferry which runs from Penang to the mainland. We said good-bye to my husband, still with no idea of how long our separation might be, and set off under cover of darkness."

"No"—in answer to another question from me—"the raids took place in the day-time. After all, why should the Japanese have bothered to raid at night when there was so little obstacle to them in the day?"

"And there was an air-raid warning while we were waiting in the cars for the ferry, wasn't there, Mum?" said Anne.

"Yes," said her mother, "so there was. We sat in the cars and waited for the all-clear."

"At this stage we still had our suitcases. What happened to them I don't know. We thought they were in the luggage van, but half the luggage was left on the platform, and to date that's the last we have seen of it."

"Luckily I had brought the baby's pram mattress. How glad I was of that. The journey to Singapore usually takes a day and a night. It took two nights and a day."

"Anne and I shared a second-

class seat for one; in front of me was a small let-down table. On this I placed the mattress and the baby, and held her there all through the 36 hours."

"I dared not sleep in case the jolting of the train shook baby off."

"In Singapore, to our astonishment, we were whisked straight from train to ship."

"I don't suppose," commented Mrs. Grant Watson with a smile, "the authorities would ever have rounded us up again had they let us go."

Crowded in hold

THE ship we boarded already had a full complement of passengers. To these passengers were added nearly twice their number of evacuee women and children.

"The hold was our accommodation. It had been fitted with rough bunks. Yes, of course it was hot,

it was stifling. But naturally the decks had to be clear."

"Aboard the ship I had my first great stroke of luck. I discovered that a friend of mine was travelling in a cabin booked some time before. She took us in."

"Everyone of course helped one another. My friend lent me clothes. Other passengers lent clothes, helped with the babies. One woman had not even a feeding bottle for her baby. I had two in my handbag, so was able to lend her one."

"On the train those of us who had babies' food supplied those who had not."

"In Batavia people opened their homes to us, and here I was lucky again. I knew that I might find my brother there, but I found that he was about to fly to Australia on business by Dutch airliner. He was able to get us seats on the plane, too."

"So here we are, and now, when I have had some sleep, I must think about finding a home."

It looks as though Australia is going to need a lot of extra homes.



ANNE GRANT WATSON, six, of Penang, and her six-weeks-old baby sister Pamela. They are two of the many children who, with their mothers, have come to Australia from homes in the East for refuge from the Pacific war.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



WAVELL ... master of war leads allies in battle of Pacific

Daring and unconventional, he finds new methods to beat new foes

By GEORGIAN
Noted English
biographer of
famous men.

General Sir Archibald Wavell, now supreme chief of the unified Allied command in the Pacific, is suddenly the man on whose decisions the destiny of Australia rests.

Wavell is the man for the job. Churchill calls him a "master of war." He has a growing reputation for unconventional daring oddly at variance with his background.

Father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all major-generals, and he wears one of the "best" old school ties, as worn by men of his family right back to the fifteenth century.

YET this is the man who surprised junior officers with this announcement:

"Gentlemen, you are about to rob a bank in a large provincial town. Please prepare your plans to the last detail, anticipating every possible surprise and making your plans accordingly."

The group of young men looked up, startled, at their leader.

"Come, come!" he said with the flicker of a smile in his grey, humorous eyes. "A modern soldier must be a combination of gangster, cat burglar, scientist, athlete, and, above all, opportunist."

"You will be taking charge of soldiers and must understand these qualities even if you cannot wholly acquire them. Therefore you will please make your plans to rob a bank."

The story is a perfect guide to the character and personality of the greatest general we have produced since Allenby.

Every general is supposed to fight a war with the tactics of the last one. Wavell knew from the very beginning of this one that entirely new methods had to be used. He studied the Germans' lightning campaign of last spring and he decided to go one better.

And he did the whole thing in the spirit and manner of robbing a bank.

He is an extraordinary man, this quiet, one-eyed general.

As a writer he could be a brilliant success.

As a showman he could take over Drury Lane.

As a broadcaster he could bring new life to the B.B.C.

And as a Minister of Propaganda he could give Dr. Goebbels a perpetual headache.

When war broke out in September, 1939, he went out to Cairo to take command of our meagre army there. One month later his wife joined him.

They had become engaged just

before the last war and were married in 1915.

Her name was Eugenie Marie Quirk, the only child of a well-known military man, Colonel Quirk, of the Welsh Regiment.

Eugenie Marie had a calm and dignity that were perfectly natural. Even as a young woman she had attained that rare and blessed quality of serenity which, in women, can be like a cool glade on a scorching midsummer's day.

She was a soldier's daughter but was not particularly drawn to the ordinary military type.

To her there was a humanity that was deeper than mere discipline and she liked the companionship of a mind that could dwell on other things than a day's hunting.

Battle of heart

THIS she found in the thoughtful good-looking officer who had begun his career in the Black Watch fourteen years before.

Young Archibald Wavell had specialised in languages, was a deep student of literature, and had unusual ideas on many subjects.

Unknown to him then he was eventually to become Chief-of-Staff to the dazzling Allenby, and to play a vital part in the spectacular campaign which was to drive the Turks out of Palestine and add a new technique to the tactics of mobility.

In 1914, however, there was a different battle to be won. I don't know what methods he used, but he besieged the heart of Eugenie Marie and was victorious.

In 1916 their first child was born, a boy. They named him Archibald John Arthur. To-day he is an officer in his father's old regiment, the Black Watch.

Captain Wavell is a very normal young man so far. He loves nothing better than a day's hunting and can hit a golf ball long and straight.

It is too early to say whether he will develop the same unusual intellectual qualities as his father.

Once the youthful Archibald was born in 1916 and therefore secured the Winchester-Major-General succession there arrived in sequence

three daughters who bear the lovely names of Eugenie Pamela, Felicity Anne, and Joan Patricia.

The eldest of the girls is 23, the next one 20, and the other 18. I happened to meet Eugenie at the coming-out party of one of my friend's daughters a couple of years ago.

Believe me, she was breathtaking. Like a soldier's daughters the girls accompanied their mother to Cairo.

At once one conjures up gay parties where the daughters of the Commander-in-Chief would be sought after by every lonely and presentable subaltern.

One would be wrong. To the Wavells, male or female, life is real and life is earnest.

Eugenie Pamela, who was born in 1918, is a V.A.D. in a hospital in Cairo. She was taking flying lessons before she went out East and was about to have her first solo flight.

In many ways she is like her



EUGENIE PAMELA WAVELL, eldest of the General's three lovely daughters.

father, more than any of the others. She is a good linguist, and likes to paint without any false idea of ever being hung in a salon.

A good rider and very much attracted to the theatre, at one time she planned to make her career on the stage.

Felicity Anne has actually done solo flying in the air.

Like her mother, she is genuinely musical, preferring the lovely sorrows of Chopin to the tom-tom rhythm of jungle music. She, too, is a linguist, and is engaged at the Army Cypher Office in Cairo.

Joan Patricia is also a young lady of languages, and is in the Military Intelligence Office in Cairo.

Now to return to the father. General Wavell had moved into Egypt. On the soil where the most ancient of all Empires had flourished for five thousand years his army was ranged to guard the youngest world Empire of them all.

His engineers dug where the Pharaohs built their temples. His patrols rode along the Nile in the track of Alexander the Great's cavalry.

Well, history does not stand still. Once again she was on the march.

A new Empire, a guncrack pasted-board caricature of the Empire of the Caesars, was grimacing at him over the sands of Africa.

So quietly, with modesty and confidence, Archibald Wavell took up the succession of the Pharaohs, of Alexander the Great, Augustus Caesar, the conquering Sultans and Napoleon Bonaparte. The Army of the Nile was ready.

GENERAL
Sir Archibald
Wavell, supreme
chief of the
unified Pacific
Command.



At this juncture I must depart from the realm of fact and enter the stratosphere of conjecture.

I have no means of knowing whether they did or did not, but I would like to think that Eugenie, Felicity, Joan, and their mother all took part in

Finally when Wavell had to send reinforcements to Greece the whisper went round that the British would concentrate on helping the Greeks to do the fighting and merely try to hold the Suez Canal.

Then one day Wavell went to the races in Cairo.

He was a conspicuous figure as he walked from the stands to the paddocks.

He seemed sorry when it was all over, for a commander of any army that does not intend to fight has lots of time on his hands.

And that evening as dusk fell the most brilliantly organised army in Britain's history stole silently across the desert, and as dawn broke fell upon the unsuspecting Italians in an attack that sent Mussolini's men reeling back in a retreat that never seemed to end.

Wavell—the intimate friend of Lawrence of Arabia, the directing brain of Allenby's sweep, the man who knew men as well as strategy, and who understood the mystery of the desert like a Bedouin chief—had plunged the knife into the breast of Italy's sawdust Caesar.

Two sisters

THAT is the story of the Wavells. Father, mother, son, and daughters. But there are two other Wavells who cannot be left out.

On the edge of the New Forest there is a pleasant, modest country home belonging to the two unmarried sisters of Britain's Marlborough of the Middle East—and now the Far East.

They are Miss Florence Anne Wavell and Miss Lillian Mary Wavell called "Nancy" and "Moll" respectively.

Wherever soldiers are gathered together they labor for their comfort until their names have become a legend as well as their brother's.

When they finished their canteen or other duties they used to listen to the radio with its despatches from Cairo, and nod to each other.

"Brother Archibald is doing very well," they would say.

"Nancy" and "Moll" are now listening for despatches from somewhere in the Far East, where in an unnamed spot Brother Archibald has his headquarters.



LADY WAVELL and her soldier husband. She is the daughter of a soldier, too.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ SKYLARK

(Week's Best Release)

Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne. (Paramount.)

IT is one of those smart, sophisticated comedies—and not as amusing as it might be. I think all those present work too hard. But its romantic scenes are charming.

Most of the film is concerned with the rivalry between Milland and Aherne for Claudette's affections. One of those romantic girls, Claudette has divorced Milland because he was more interested in money-making than in her. Aherne is just one of those smooth, bachelor lawyers, who happens along as she is in a star-gazing mood.

After lots of alarms and excursions—some slapstick, some lit by diverting dialogue—Claudette makes her choice between her suitors.

The best performances in the show are given by Milland and by Walter Abel, as his business associate. Abel is delightful. And Paramount has given the production beautiful mounting, photography, and decoration. For that frivolous mood, "Skylark" is frivolous fare.—Prince Edward; showing.

(Robert Stack), who marries the fiancée (Ann Rutherford) of his brother (Brod Crawford), the town gambler, thus incurring an enmity that ignores the family tie.

Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hickok, Frances Farmer is Calamity Jane, and Addison Richards is Custer.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ DUDE COWBOY

Tim Holt, Marjorie Reynolds. (RKO.)

GOOD-LOOKING young Tim Holt is again starred as cowboy hero in this diverting Western.

Tim is detailed by the Treasury to locate a gang of counterfeiters who are operating from a Nevada dude ranch. Investigations are complicated by Marjorie Reynolds, seeking her engraver-father, who has been kidnapped by the counterfeiters.

Film's climax is the familiar gun battle and Tim's gallant rescue of the girl and her father.

Fast riding and shooting are interspersed with light comedy and Western tunes by Ray Whitley, the singing cowboy.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ MERCY ISLAND

Ray Middleton, Gloria Dickson. (Republic.)

THE old plot about an oddly-assorted group of people marooned on a sultry, uninhabited island is revived again in this film, providing suspenseful melodrama.

The strays are three members of a fishing party, criminal lawyer (Ray Middleton), his wife (Gloria Dickson), and wife's real but honorable love (Don Douglas); the crew of two; and a solitary hermit (Otto Kruger) whose island retreat is invaded by the others.

Arch-villain is Middleton, who develops into a mental case. Underwater diving scenes are diverting. Teen-age Terry Kilburn steals acting honors from the adults.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ BADLANDS OF DAKOTA

Robert Stack, Ann Rutherford. (Universal.)

JUST about everybody and everything that belonged to the bad old days of the American West are in this roaring adventure melodrama.

You have hand-to-hand encounters, fierce battles with the Redskins, the burning of a frontier town, the rescue of the people by a gallant cavalry company.

Plot centres on young Easterner

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 4th week.
★★★ It Started with Eve. Deanna Durbin. Laughter in sparkling comedy.—Lyceum; 4th week.
★★★ That Night in Rio. Alice Faye, Don Ameche in enchanting musical.—Regent; 3rd week.
★★★ Love on the Dole. Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans in powerful social drama.—Embassy; 3rd week.
★★ Suspicion. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 3rd week.
★★ Dive Bomber. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray in spectacular aviation drama.—Plaza; 3rd week.
★★ In the Navy. Abbott and Costello in bright farce.—State; 3rd week.
★ Lady Be Good. Ann Sothern, Robert Young in entertaining musical.—St. James; 3rd week.



HERE'S CHRISTOPHER RUBEN, aged one year, with his proud parents, Virginia Bruce Ruben and producer J. Walter Ruben. With them is Susan Gilbert, Virginia's eight-year-old daughter by her first marriage to John Gilbert.

Here's hot news from all studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

ANN SHERIDAN and George Brent were married quietly in Florida last week—which brings to a happy conclusion Hollywood's Big Problem Romance.

Inseparable for well over a year, during which they strenuously denied all "serious intentions," pair formally announced their engagement a couple of months ago.

It's George's fourth marriage. His previous wives—in order—were a girl he met in his Irish days, actress Ruth Chatterton, and Australian Joy Howarth.

Everybody will remember the court case that followed his marriage to Joy. Brent sued for annulment, and lost the case. Joy then sued Brent for divorce, and won the case which was undefended.

It is Ann's second marriage. Her former husband was actor Edward Norris, whom she divorced several years ago.

KATHARINE HEPBURN has dropped her plans to star in a New York play, and is returning to Hollywood to co-star with Spencer Tracy in "American Cavalcade" for MGM.

This film will do for American history what Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" did for English events.

THE New Year has brought promotion to ex-actor Jimmy Stewart. The former U.S. Army corporal is now a lieutenant.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Freddie Bartholomew is leading a group of film juveniles who are arranging a series of shows for the purpose of stimulating defence bond sales.

Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, and Virginia Weidler are among his helpers.

LATEST star to volunteer for active service is crooner Tony Martin, who has joined the navy. He has been assigned the duty of interviewing applicants for enlistment in San Francisco.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN'S husband, Australian Johnny Farrow, has returned to Hollywood on sick leave from the Navy, in which he has achieved the rank of lieutenant-commander. Owing to the severity of his illness, he will probably not be able to resume duty for some time.

MYRNA LOY, Kay Francis, and other women stars are running special coffee and doughnut canteens for sailors in Los Angeles harbor.

ENGLISH Jessie Matthews collapsed from nervous exhaustion after appearing in a musical which was having a "trial run" in Boston. This has meant delaying the opening of the play in New York.

Jessie arrived from England a few months ago.

VIVIEN LEIGH and husband Laurence Olivier are reported to have refused an offer of \$86,500 to make one film in Hollywood. Both are determined to remain in England for the duration.

ANNABELLA'S trip to Chicago to star in the Noel Coward play, "Billie Spirit," means that she and her husband, Tyrone Power, will be separated for the first time since their marriage three years ago.

LAST week's bride, Maureen O'Hara, has had to cut her honeymoon short in order to begin work in "Gentleman from West Point," in which she plays feminine lead. Her husband, the director Will Price, is returning to Hollywood with her.

OWING to American protests, Deanna Durbin may cancel her English trip and tour U.S. Army camps instead.

With her husband, Vaughn Pail, Deanna has planned to spend at least a month in England entertaining munition workers and the fighting forces.

MERLE OBERON is trying to secure passage so that she can return to England with her husband, Alexander Korda.

PAULETTE GODDARD has returned from her Mexican holiday to commence work in "Forest Rangers," with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. Paulette came home via New York, spending a week there entertaining large groups of soldiers in theatres and nightclubs.

BRENDA MARSHALL is deeply anxious over the fate of her father, who is living in the Philippines. Since war broke out in the Pacific she has been unable to communicate with him. Her father owns a large sugar plantation in the Island of Negros, where Brenda was born and raised.

VIGOROUS protests have greeted the Motion Picture Academy's decision to call off the annual awards banquet this year.

Newspaper editorials here claim that it is Hollywood's business to boost morale and dispel gloom, and that the banquet is one way of doing this.

As a result the awards will probably be presented at a dinner, as usual. The function, however, will stress the patriotic theme, and will have Wendell Willkie as guest of honor.

THE New York critics have given their vote to "Citizen Kane" as the best picture of 1941. Orson Welles produced, directed, and starred in this film for RKO. The film runner-up, declared the critics, was Fox's "How Green Was My Valley," directed by John Ford. Best actress of 1941, in this poll, was Joan Fontaine, of RKO's "Suspicion."



BIG ROMANCE NEWS this week is the marriage of George Brent and Ann Sheridan (above). Ann is wearing the diamond engagement ring George gave her a few months ago.

The Philosopher's Cat

Continued from page 4

I DID, of course, go to the courtyard behind the shop in the Rue Marsan, and I did find the golden cat with the black chevrons above her paws. But she was lying dead at the foot of the stairs leading up to Jean's rooms. Her skull had been injured as if by a heavy boot.

Stretched out near her were the bodies of two small kittens, one black and the other grey, which had apparently died of hunger or cold after their mother was killed. With Jean's letter fresh in my mind, I felt worse at that moment than I ever had in my life before.

I was about to turn away when I noticed a slight movement in the fur along Celeste's side. Bending over, I made out a tiny paw reaching out from underneath her flank, and when I lifted her I uncovered a third kitten as small as the others, but still alive.

This one was a deep golden shade and above her forepaws she had the same black markings as her mother. Even to the tipping of black at the end of her tail she was Celeste exactly, though in miniature.

In my work as a reporter I deal only with things whose length and breadth and thickness I can name. I try not to read meanings into things, and I am always suspicious of "symbolic values."

Yet when I saw that kitten beside

her mother I had the strongest possible sensation that there before my eyes was the history and perhaps the hope of our era. The old, beautiful France was gone, but there was still a spirit that might live on, might grow into something approaching its former splendor.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"While you're at camp and I'm waiting for you, I may as well wait for Ned and Fletcher, too. It doesn't take any more of my time."

The kitten was very weak, but when I picked her up she nibbled at my fingertip. I carried her inside my coat to a store down the street, where I bought a pint bottle of milk, and then at another place in the Rue Grinand I got a baby's nursing bottle and a handful of rubber nipples.

With this equipment I was able to bring her through the day alive, and from then on she grew stronger.

Except in this, my account to Jean was accurate. The kitten and I went through Spain to Portugal, and thence by freighter to New York, where Celestine is now the mistress of my apartment.

She plays sometimes, but she is mainly a very grave kitten, as befits her parentage and her history. She seems to like the sound of the human voice, for when I talk to her she sits very quietly, her tail curved around her haunches so that the black tip lies precisely on her toes.

I often talk to her about Jean. I tell her that if the men of my country are foresighted and resolute there will always be a place here for the philosophers of life. Then, in a happier day, Jean may come to visit us. And when he sees Celestine he will forgive my deception in the letter.

She grows steadily more like her mother, and she will respond to his gentle wisdom in a fashion no less charming.

(Copyright)

The Movie World

January 17, 1942

The Australian Women's Weekly

13

New Sextet

FOR the musical, "Navy Blues", Warners picked out Hollywood's six most beautiful showgirls, matching them in height and weight, and called them the "Navy Blues Sextet."

These girls are aged from 19 to 21, average height 5 foot 6 inches, average weight 8 stone 9 pounds.

Here they are—from left to right—starting at back.

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN, former New York model.

CLAIRE JAMES, holder of a "Miss America" title.

LORRAINE GETTMAN, the only redhead, who was one of the glorified in "The Ziegfeld Girl."

GEORGIA CARROLL, a famous New York camera model.

PEGGY DIGGINS, dream-eyed Irish beauty who sang in New York nightclubs.

KAY ALDRIDGE, sometimes named as the most beautiful and celebrated magazine cover girl.



Meet some animals with ambition...

RAVEN OWNS A WOODED ESTATE. AND CHIMPANZEE, A CONTRACT

From BARBARA O'CONNOR in Hollywood

A MAN recently walked into a local estate agent's office wanting a wooded estate. "It's for my client, Jimmy," he explained. "Now that she's made such a hit in 'The Bride Came C.O.D.', we think she deserves a nice home. But—the place must have lots of insects."

"Insects!" mouthed the agent.

"Wait, I'll bring her in. You might as well meet her."

Jimmy's guardian went out to his waiting car. When Jimmy came in the agent froze in his chair. For

she was sitting on her guardian's shoulder and greeted the agent with a raucous, most unlady-like squawk.

"Oh—didn't I tell you she was a bird?" asked Curly Twyford, patting the sleek black feathers of the little raven. "You know, I always think of her as an actress, rather than a raven. She earns a lot more than many glamor girls, and she's a first-class scene-stealer."

When the agent had recovered his wits, Jimmy got her wooded estate on which she now lives.

Besides Jimmy, the female raven,

• Muk the chimpanzee, seen here with Dorothy Lamour, is the only animal on a long-term studio contract.



• One of the four penguins working in Warner Brothers' comedy "The Man Who Came To Dinner" enchants lovely star Ann Sheridan, who has an important role in the film. Penguins have an acting contract with this studio.



there are several other outstanding animal personalities who are treated with as much deference as human counterparts in Hollywood. Warners have given an ironclad acting contract to the only four penguins in town.

These bright little birds have to march in single file for a scene in Warners' big comedy, "The Man Who Came to Dinner." When they were produced they proved so popular with stars and visitors on the set that little shooting was done that first day. The pert penguins, attired in tophats and coats, had their own wardrobe supplied by their trainer.

I watched Ann Sheridan with the penguins, while on an adjoining set Kay Francis was playing with two tiny poodles, eight weeks old. Their girl trainer, Jackie Philippi, coaxed them to sit up. Curly-headed, round-faced Jackie is the only girl animal-trainer at work in the movies.

Monkey's stage tour

WHILE Warners' penguins are on a one-picture contract, Muk, the six-year-old chimpanzee, is the first animal since Rin-Tin-Tin to win a long-term contract, playing with Dorothy Lamour in "Malaya" at Paramount. Muk also is called upon to make personal appearance tours around the country doing tricks on the stage. His keeper assured me that Muk has the intelligence of a ten-year-old child; from personal observation I should judge that he is at least as mischievous.

At MGM there is a valuable book known as "The Animal Casting Directory," which covers all the animal actors from "Apes to Zebras" in alphabetical order. Property men thumb through its precious pages whenever a scene comes up demanding domestic or wild life. A telephone call to one of the local trainers is made, and delivery of the demanded animal is guaranteed.

Harsh purgatives shock your system into action!



IF YOU ARE OVER 35, and still taking harsh purgatives, it's time you knew these facts! Harsh bowel stimulants are unnatural. Far from curing constipation, they merely aggravate your condition. Gradually, your bowels lose their natural action—refuse to function without medicinal aid. Then you're heading for trouble! Doctors say that over 75% of cases of a serious type of illness are due to purging. So break yourself now of that harsh laxative habit. The real cause of constipation is lack of "bulk" in modern diet. It's "bulk" food—that you need!



HERE'S HOW CONSTIPATION STARTS! When food has passed from the stomach into the small intestine, the residue moves on to the large intestine where it is expelled by muscular action. However, if this residue lacks "bulk", the bowel muscles have nothing to work on. They slow up—and you get constipated.

GOODBYE TO CONSTIPATION! Kellogg's All-Bran, a toasted nut-sweet breakfast food, gives the bowels the "bulk" they're starved of by modern diets. It works in the same way as fruit or vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly. You get safe, natural "bulk" that massages the bowel muscles, and brings about a gentle, thorough movement. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast every morning (with milk and sugar).

I'D BEEN DOSING WITH
HARSH PURGATIVES FOR YEARS
AND NEVER GOT REGULAR—
BUT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
BROUGHT SAFE RELIEF
INSIDE A WEEK!



GET A PACKET
OF KELLOGG'S
ALL-BRAN FROM
YOUR GROCER
TOMORROW

IN *Lingerie* **KAYSER** PRESENTS

"Bring on your heat-waves" crows the lass in Tricorne Scanties and Vest! KAYSER tailors frosty fairy-like silks mesh into "Undies" immaculately neat, invitingly cool.

An Inspired Fashion
FROM THE **KAYSER** STUDIO OF STYLE
Definitely I'm a ONE BRAND woman now... I insist on KAYSER

How Green Was My Valley ...



• In "How Green Was My Valley," Twentieth Century-Fox drama adapted from Richard Llewellyn's best-seller about a family of Welsh miners, Patric Knowles (above) plays the eldest son, Ivor Morgan, Anna Lee is his wife Bronwen. Setting is the Rhondda Valley of Wales.



• Important character in the story is the self-sacrificing minister, Mr. Gruffydd (Walter Pidgeon), who befriends the five Morgan boys and loves their sister, Angharad (Maureen O'Hara). For the film, producer Darryl Zanuck had built an entire Welsh village, only thirty five miles from Hollywood, modelled from photographs of Rhondda Valley. Village covered 85 acres and cost over £30,000.

• The Morgan family group (left), with the coal-workings in the background. From left to right: Patric Knowles (Ivor), Richard Fraser (Davy), Sara Allgood (the enduring Mrs. Morgan), Evan S. Evans (Gwilym) Anna Lee (Bronwen), Donald Crisp (Mr. Morgan), with Roddy McDowall (Huw) in front, Maureen O'Hara (Angharad), Walter Pidgeon (Mr. Gruffydd), John Loder (Ianto), and James Monks (Owen).

Continuing . . . The Stolen Rubens

from page 3

"WELL, if a romantic heart spirited her off that train, I'll take to reading woman novelists." He looked hopefully at Poirot. "Nothing strikes you, eh?" Poirot shook his head slowly. "They did not, by any chance, find her shoes also by the side of the line?" "Shoes? No. Why shoes?" "Just an idea . . ." Poirot murmured.

Hercule Poirot was just going down to his taxi when the telephone rang. He took off the receiver.

"Yes?" Japp's voice spoke.

"Glad I've just caught you. It's all off, old man. Found a message at the Yard when I got back. The girl's turned up. At the side of the main road fifteen miles from Amiens. She's dazed and they can't get any coherent story from her, but she's all right. Nothing wrong with her."

Poirot said slowly: "So you have, then, no need of my services?"

"That's right. In fact—sorry you have been troubled."

Japp laughed at his own wit and rang off.

Poirot did not laugh. He put back the receiver slowly. His face was worried.

Detective-Inspector Hearn looked at Poirot curiously. "I'd no idea you'd be so interested, sir," he remarked.

"You had word from Chief Inspector Japp," said Poirot, "that I might consult with you over this matter?"

Hearn nodded. "He said you were coming over on some other business and that you'd give us a hand with this puzzle. But I didn't expect you

now it's all cleared up. I thought you'd be busy on your own job."

"My own business can wait," said Poirot. "It is this affair here that interests me. You called it a puzzle, and you say it is now ended. But the puzzle is still there, it seems."

"Well, sir, we've got the child back. And she's not hurt. That's the main thing."

"But it does not solve the problem of how you got her back, does it? What does she herself say? A doctor saw her, did he not? What did he say?"

"Said she'd been doped. She was still hazy with it. Can't remember anything much after starting off from Cranchester in actual fact. All later events seem to have been wiped out. Doctor thinks she might just possibly have had slight concussion. There's a bruise on the back of the head. Says that would account for complete blackout of memory."

"Which is very convenient for someone!" murmured Poirot.

Inspector Hearn said in a shocked voice: "You don't think she is shamming, sir? I'm sure she isn't. She's a nice kid—a bit young for her age, that's all."

"No, no, she is not shamming," Poirot shook his head vigorously. "But I want to know how she got off that train. I want to know who is responsible, and why."

"As to why, I should say it was an attempt at kidnapping, sir. They meant to hold her to ransom."

"But they didn't!"

"Lost their nerve with the hue and cry, and planted her by the road quickly."

Poirot inquired sceptically: "And what ransom were they likely to get from a Canon of Cranchester Cathedral? English Church dignitaries are not millionaires."

"Made a botch of the whole thing, sir, in my opinion," said Detective Inspector Hearn cheerfully.

"I want to know how she was spirited off that train."

The policeman's face clouded over.

"That's a real mystery, that is. One minute she was there sitting in the dining-car, chatting to the other girls. Five minutes later she'd vanished—hey presto—like a conjuring trick."

"Precisely, like a conjuring trick! Who else was there in that particular coach?"

INSPECTOR

HEARN nodded. "That's a good point, sir. That's important. It's particularly important because it was the last coach on the train, and as soon as all the people were back in their coaches the doors between the coaches were locked—actually so as to prevent people crowding along to the restaurant car and demanding tea before they'd had time to clear up lunch and get ready."

"Winnie King came back to the coach with the others; the school had three reserved compartments there."

"And in the other compartments?"

Hearn pulled out his notebook.

"Miss Jordan and Miss Butters, two middle-aged spinsters going to Switzerland. Two French commercial travellers, one from Lyons, one from Paris, both respectable, middle-aged men. A young man, James Elliott, and his wife—flashy piece of goods, she was."

"He's got a bad reputation, suspected by the police of being mixed up in some questionable transactions, but has never touched kidnapping. Anyway, his compartment was searched, and there was nothing in his luggage to show he was mixed up in this."

"Only other person was an American, Mrs. Van Suyder, travelling to Paris. Nothing known about her. Looks O.K. That's the lot."

"And it is quite definite that the train did not stop after it left Amiens?" asked Poirot.

"Absolutely. It slowed down once, but not enough to let anyone jump off—not without damaging themselves pretty severely."

Hercule Poirot murmured: "That is what makes the problem so peculiarly interesting. The schoolgirl vanishes into thin air just outside Amiens. She reappears from thin air also just outside Amiens, but in a different place."

Inspector Hearn shook his head. "It sounds mad, but like that. Oh! by the way, they told me you were asking something about shoes, the girl's shoes. She had her shoes on all right when she was found, but there was a pair of shoes on the line, a signman found them. Took 'em home with him as they seemed in good condition. Stout black-laced walking shoes."

"Ah," said Poirot. He looked gratified.

Inspector Hearn said curiously: "I don't get the meaning of the shoes, sir. Do they mean anything?"

"They confirm a theory," said Poirot. "A theory of how the conjuring trick was done."

Miss Pope's establishment was situated in Neuilly. Hercule Poirot, staring up at its respectable facade, was suddenly submerged by a flow of girls emerging from its portals.

He counted twenty-five of them, all dressed alike. They were of ages varying from fourteen to eighteen.

At the end, walking with one of the younger girls, was a grey-haired fussy-looking woman whom Poirot judged to be Miss Burshaw, the second-in-command.

Poirot stood looking after them a minute, then he rang the bell and asked for Miss Pope.

Miss Lavina Pope was a very different person from Miss Burshaw. Miss Pope had personality. Miss Pope was awe-inspiring.

The room in which she received Poirot was the room of a woman of culture. It had graceful furniture,

some framed signed photographs of pupils who were of note in the world. On the walls hung reproductions of the world's artistic masterpieces and some good water-color sketches.

The whole place was clean and polished to the last degree.

Miss Pope received Poirot with the competence of one whose judgment seldom fails.

"Monsieur Hercule Poirot? I know your name, of course. I suppose you have come about this very unfortunate affair of Winnie King. A most distressing incident."

Hercule Poirot said: "It was the girl's first term here, was it not?"

"It was."

"You had had a preliminary interview with Winnie—and with her parents?"

"Not recently. Two years ago, I was staying near Cranchester—with the Bishop, as a matter of fact."

"While I was there I made the acquaintance of Canon and Mrs. King. Mrs. King, alas, is an invalid! I met Winnie then. A very well brought up girl, with a decided taste for art. I told Mrs. King that I should be happy to receive her here in a year or two, when her general studies were completed."

"We specialise here, Monsieur Poirot, in Art and Music. The very best masters come here to instruct them in music, singing, and painting. The broader culture, that is our aim."

Miss Pope remembered suddenly that Poirot was not a parent, and added abruptly: "What can I do for you, Monsieur Poirot?"

"I would be glad to know what

The answer is—

- 1—Winston Churchill.
- 2—All ingredients except corn-flour.
- 3—Good Queen Bess.
- 4—Red and white.
- 5—Blue.
- 6—The date, Australia, three-pence.
- 7—Histology.
- 8—Charles.
- 9—Athena, wisdom; Hebe, youth; Aurora, dawn; Iris, the rainbow.

Questions on page 2

is the present position regarding Winnie?"

"Canon King has come over to Amiens and is taking Winnie back with him. The wisest thing to do after the shock the child has sustained. We do not take delicate girls here," she went on. "We have no special facilities for looking after invalids. I told the Canon that in my opinion he would do well to take the child home with him."

Hercule Poirot asked abruptly: "What in your opinion actually occurred, Miss Pope?"

"I have not the slightest idea, monsieur. The whole thing, as reported to me, sounds quite incredible. I really cannot see that the member of my staff who was in charge of the girls was in any way to blame, except that she might, perhaps, have discovered the girl's absence sooner."

"You have received a visit, perhaps, from the police?"

A faint shiver passed over Miss Pope's aristocratic form. She said glacially:

Please turn to page 17

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G.24.38

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ARE NOW ON SALE

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The Stolen Rubens

Continued from page 16

"A MONSIEUR LEFARGE, of the Prefecture, called to see me, to see if I could throw any light upon the situation. Naturally I was unable to do so. He then demanded to inspect Winnie's luggage, which had, of course, arrived here with that of the other girls. I told him that that had already been called for by another member of the police. Their departments, I fancy, must overlap."

"I got a telephone call, shortly afterwards, insisting that I had not turned over all Winnie's possessions to them. I was extremely short with them over that. One must not submit to being bullied by officialdom."

Poirot drew a long breath. "You have a spirited nature. I admire you for it, mademoiselle. I presume that Winnie's trunk had been unpacked on arrival?"

Miss Pope looked a little put out of countenance.

"Routine," she said. "We live strictly by routine. The girls are unpacked for on arrival and their things put away in the way I expect them to be kept. Winnie's things were unpacked with those of the other girls. Naturally, they were afterwards repacked, so that her trunk was handed over exactly as it had arrived."

"Exactly?" Poirot said. He strolled to the wall. "Surely this is a picture of the famous Cranchester Bridge with the Cathedral showing in the distance?"

"You are quite right, Monsieur Poirot. Winnie had evidently painted that to bring to me as a surprise. It was in her trunk with a wrapper round it and for Miss Pope from Winnie's written on it. Very charming of the child."

"Ah!" said Poirot. "And what do you think of it—as a painting?"

He himself had seen many pictures of Cranchester Bridge. It was a subject that could always be found represented at the Academy each year—sometimes as an oil-painting, sometimes in the water-color room. He had seen it painted well, painted in a mediocre fashion, painted boringly. But he had never seen it quite as crudely represented as in the present sample.

Miss Pope was smiling indulgently.

"One must not discourage one's girls, monsieur. Winnie will be stimulated to do better work, of course."

"It would have been more natural, would it not," Poirot said thoughtfully, "for her to do a water-color?"

"Yes, I did not know she was attempting to paint in oils."

"Ah," said Poirot. "You will permit me, mademoiselle?"

He unhooked the picture and took it to the window. He examined it, then, looking up, he said: "I am going to ask you, mademoiselle, to give me this picture."

"Well, really, Monsieur Poirot—" "You cannot pretend that you are very attached to it. The painting is abominable."

"Oh, it has no artistic merit, I agree. But it is a pupil's work and—"

"I assure you, mademoiselle, that it is a most unsuitable picture to have hanging upon your wall."

"I don't know why you should say that Monsieur Poirot."

"I will prove it to you in a moment."

He took a bottle, a sponge, and some rags from his pocket. He said:

"First I am going to tell you a little story, mademoiselle. It has a resemblance to the story of the Ugly Duckling that turned into a Swan."

He was working busily as he talked. "You do not perhaps go much to revues?"

"No, indeed, they seem to me so trivial."

"Trivial, yes, but sometimes instructive. I have seen a clever revue artist change her personality in the most miraculous way. In one sketch she is a cabaret star, exquisite and glamorous. Ten minutes later, she is a schoolchild, dressed in a gym tunic. Ten minutes later still, perhaps she is a ragged gipsy telling fortunes by a caravan."

"Very possible, no doubt, but I do not see—"

"But I am showing you how the conjuring trick was worked on the train. Winnie, the schoolgirl, with her fair plaits, her spectacles, her disfiguring dental band, goes into the wash-room. She emerges a quarter of an hour later—to use the words of Detective Inspector Hearn—as a flashy piece of goods. Sheer silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, a mink coat to cover a school uniform, a darling little piece of velvet called a hat perched on her curls—and a face—oh yes, a face. Rouge, powder, lipstick, mascara!"

"What is that woman, that quick-change artist, really like? Probably only the good God knows. But you, mademoiselle, you yourself, you know how the awkward schoolgirl changes almost miraculously into the attractive and well-groomed debutante."

Miss Pope gasped. "Do you mean that Winnie King disguised herself as—?"

"Not Winnie King—no. Winnie was not on the train at all. She was kidnapped on the way across London. Our quick-change artist took her place. But she could not afford actually to arrive here since you were acquainted with the real Winnie. So, hey presto, Winnie disappears, and instead a man called Jim Elliot, whose passport includes a wife, acquires that wife just after Amiens."

"The fair plaits, the spectacles, the little-thread stockings, the dental band—all that can go into a small space. But the thick unglamorous shoes and the hat—that very unyielding British hat—have to be disposed of elsewhere; they go out of the window."

"Later, the real Winnie is brought across the Channel—safely enough, for no one is looking for a sick child being brought from England to France—and is quietly deposited from a car by the side of the main road. If she has been doped all along with scopolamine, she will remember very little of what has occurred."

Miss Pope was staring at Poirot. She demanded: "But why? What would be the reason of such a senseless masquerade?"

Poirot replied gravely: "Winnie's luggage! These people wanted to bring something from England into France, something that every Customs man was on the look out for; in fact, stolen goods. And what place is safer than a schoolgirl's trunk? You are well known, Miss Pope, your establishment is justly famous. At the Gare du Nord the trunks of Mesdemoiselles the little

Pensionnaires are passed en bloc. It is the well-known English school of Miss Pope!

"And then, after the kidnapping, what more natural than to send and collect the child's luggage—ostensibly from the Prefecture?"

Hercule Poirot smiled.

"But fortunately, there was the school routine—and a present for you from Winnie. But not the same present that Winnie packed at Cranchester."

He came towards her.

"You have given this picture to me. Observe now, you must admit that it is not suitable for your school."

He held out the canvas.

As though by magic Cranchester Bridge had disappeared. Instead was a classical scene in rich dim colorings.

Poirot said softly: "The Girdle of Hippolyte. Hippolyte gives her girdle to Hercules—painted by Rubens."

"By Rubens! An Old Master in Winnie King's luggage!"

"Yes," said Poirot. "An Old Master hidden beneath a view of Cranchester Bridge painted on the same canvas, and easily washed off. A great work of art—but all the same not quite suitable for your drawing-room."

Miss Pope blushed slightly.

Hippolyte's hand was on her girdle; she was wearing nothing else. Hercules had a lion skin thrown lightly over one shoulder.

Miss Pope said: "A fine work of art. All the same—as you say—after all, one must consider the susceptibilities of parents. Some of them are



"I was surprised to hear you were engaged to Bob. Why, you've only known him a day!"

"Yes, but we're not getting married for another week."

inclined to be narrow . . . if you know what I mean . . ."

It was just as Poirot was leaving the house that the onslaught took place. He was surrounded, hemmed in, overwhelmed by a crowd of girls, thick, thin, dark, and fair.

"Dear, dear!" he murmured. "Here indeed is the attack by the Amazons."

A tall fair girl was crying out:

"A rumor has gone round—"

They surged closer. Hercule Poirot was surrounded. He disappeared in a wave of young vigorous femininity.

Twenty-five voices arose, pitched in various keys but all uttering the same momentous phrase:

"Monsieur Poirot, will you write your name in my autograph book . . .?"

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"I work in a Woollen Mill — and I like my job."

- ★ I am doing a job of national importance. Each week the workers produce enough cloth to make service uniforms by the thousand—enough yarn for many thousands of sweaters—for socks by the tens of thousands and for nearly one hundred thousand woollen undershirts.
- ★ I am better paid than most girls, and have less mental strain. My job is lightened by bright music all day, which makes the time pass quickly and work less tedious. Tea is provided by the Company, and brought to me every morning and afternoon.
- ★ From the Company's canteen, I can order my lunch and have it delivered to me every day, and buy everything at cost price . . . anything I want for a meal.
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Here are the strictest and most convincing tests ever made on a shampoo. Unique "half-head" tests—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with a soap or powder shampoo—show amazing results. Hair brighter, more manageable. Takes better "perms"—faster.

THIS revolutionary Colinated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that completely washes away all grease, dirt and loose dandruff. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-acum" or oily residue to remove. Test it yourself—and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. Make a note to ask your usual chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

FASHION PORTFOLIO

18

The Australian Women's Weekly

January 17, 1942



• Perfectly plain sheath gown of dull-surfaced mustard crepe perked up with an emerald-green cummerbund and jaunty purple bolero to match the short gloves. (Above.)

• Bewitchingly young dance frock in hectic tartan cotton made with heart-shaped neckline and a huge patch pocket on the wide skirt. Dramatically sashed in red and green. (Left.)

• Exquisitely cut and draped frock of heavy white corded silk striped in grey and scattered with tiny red flowers. The skirt features fullness over the hipline. (Above left.)

• A sophisticated, figure-moulding dinner gown of green silk jersey with two deep pleated frills and skirt fullness coming below the knees. (Above right.)

• Simple style with trim bodice and widespreading skirt interpreted in white cotton, boldly striped in green and purple. (Right.)

• Elegantly slim gown in heavy mustard silk crepe, topped by a matching jacket, stunningly tailored. (Far Right.)

Vivid color for your night off



• Give new life to a plain white silk frock by casually draping around the hips a huge blue sash spotted in white and adding a red bolero in a twin spot. (Above.)

• Twin fabrics overchecked in white are cleverly leagued in this young-making evening frock. The bodice is green, the whopping cummerbund blue, and the full skirt red. (Right.)



• Glamorous sweater-frock with slim bodice and full skirt is made in royal-blue jersey and highlighted with a summery white daisy necklace and bracelet. (Above.)

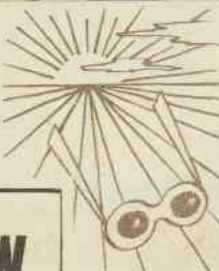


SMART, SENSIBLE TOGS



• From Dorville comes this two-piece jacket and frock ensemble in heavy navy crepe with a garnishing of starched white pique. Frock has a short-sleeved, plain bodice and an unpressed, box-pleated skirt. The hip-length jacket is zipped up the front under its edging of pique. (Above left.)

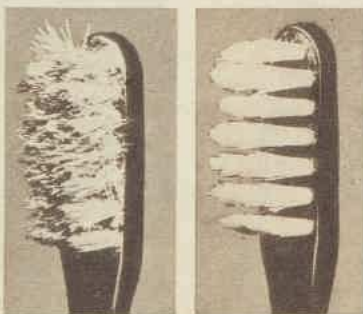
• Matita's fetching cycling outfit is made of dove-blue fine wool jersey with a shirt bodice fastened with claret bone buttons. The skirt is divided, but not obtrusively so, and the narrow tie at the waist and chiffon scarf give a note of femininity. (Above centre.)



• Immaculately tailored slacks are perennial favorites, and this season their superb sleekness is pepped up with charmingly feminine details. The lass at the left tops her navy wool knitted slacks with a longish, tailored jacket, which is trimmed with eye-catching stripes of red and white. Her friend wears a beige three-piece suit with shirtwaist blouse, high-waisted slacks, and a trim, boxy jacket.



Amazing NEW
Tek
IMPROVED TOOTHBRUSH
LASTS 4 TIMES LONGER
THAN ANY OLD STYLE TOOTHBRUSH



HERE'S THE PROOF: Top left, old style brush with ordinary natural bristles, worn out by our laboratory test. Right: New Tek, still full of life after four times more wear. This is the natural bristle brush with Tek's exclusive new process.

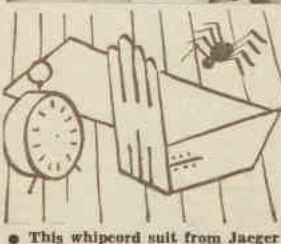
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Pep . . . Spring! Wait till you feel this new Tek in action! These amazing natural bristles keep on going day after day, refreshing your mouth . . . cleaning both sides of your dental arch . . . "waking up" your gums. They're exclusive with TEK. Johnson & Johnson laboratories developed this exclusive patented process. Buy Tek to-day in the New Carton.

19

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T16-4-40



• This whipcord suit from Jaeger features a divided skirt with pleats on the inside of each leg. It is made in the new length, too—just 15 inches from the floor. The jacket is collarless and has high, slit pockets. A novel idea is making the jacket in a lighter shade of coral-pink than the skirt.



A pure soap is Pears . . . so pure that you can look right into the heart of a tablet. And with a mildness that months of careful maturing alone can bring. You'd wonder that a soap so skillfully blended could be so inexpensive. Pears is perfect for baby's delicate skin.



Pears

ORIGINAL
TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & F. PEARS

PS. 27

IMPORTANT TRIFLES

● Gay and inexpensive little touches that will work miracles for a dejected wardrobe . . . Sent from London.

Sketched by
PETROV



● A trio of captivating headlines that you can fashion yourself. The first is an old style revived—the brim without a crown. Usually in black felt, these brims are wide at the sides and turned off the face in front. Next is a swathed white jersey turban beglamored with huge fur loops. And the third, an up-to-the-minute turban swathed low on the back of the neck and surmounted with a tiny Arabian pointed cap.

● Pillbox toques are rather larger and higher than last season, and many feature hussar flaps in velvet over the right ear. The white corduroy jacket is ideal to team with afternoon or semi-evening ensembles. It is just hip-length and tight-fitting, with small roll collar and long revers reaching to the link button at the nipped-in waist.



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V 134-16

● Designers are showing floor-length dinner frocks in heavy black crepe, laced up the front from hem to V neckline with moire ribbon that finishes at the neckline with a bow and long streamers. Needless to say, this type of ribbon is not rationed.



● Wedge-heel court shoes are popular for town wear, because they are so different from anything that savors of uniform. These are in plum suede with heels striped with navy or bottle-green to match the V buckles. The Alice-in-Wonderland shoes are in vogue for tea-dancing. They are flat heeled with rounded toes and narrow buttoned ankle straps.

JUDY, ALL YOUR
BEAUTY CARE IS
IN VAIN WHEN
YOU FORGET TO
LUX US . . .

IF SHE WEARS US
TOMORROW, PEOPLE
ARE SURE TO
NOTICE PERSPIRATION
ODOUR . . .

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challenge daintiness.
Don't take chances. Be a
**LUX CHANGE DAILY
GIRL**

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PERSPIRATION SO LUX
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Lux saves stocking ladders too—
does NOT contain soda

A LEVER PRODUCT

U.23.26

Fashion PATTERNS

F3244. Gay spotted frock with whirling pleated skirt and fetching little yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2211. Dramatic summer style with contrasting skirt panels. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds. for frock, and 2¼ yds. for panels, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2119. Engaging style with full skirt and lace yoke, designed for girls 2 to 8 years. Requires 1½ yds., and ¾ yd. lace, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/4.

F2017. Spirited striped frock with contrasting bolero and cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½ yds. for frock, and 1½ yds. for bolero and cummerbund, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F1889. Sophisticated evening gown with slender jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6½ yds. for frock, and 2½ yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/10.

F2212. Brisk two-piece with tailored jacket and pleated skirt, 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2213. Snappy little playsuit, 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½ yds. for blouse, and 1½ yds. for shorts, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.



F2211

F3244



F2212



F2139



F2213



F1889



F2017



Special Concession Pattern TRIO OF ENCHANTING SUMMER STYLES

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1 requires 3½ yds., and ¾ yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 3½ yds., and ¾ yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 3½ yds., and ¾ yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

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Written in the STARS

Astrology by June Marsden

Capricornians,
seek advancement,
go after happiness!
Now is your chance
to get what you want.

OTHERS who will find that hard work, helped by wisdom and confidence, will pay good dividends are Taurians (April 21 to May 22) and Virgoans (August 24 to September 23), with Scorpians (October 24 to November 23) and Pisceans (February 19 to March 21) as the next-best groups.

Capricornians—people born between December 22 and January 20—seldom love ardently, but once their affections are given great loyalty, sympathy, and willing service go with them. As a usual thing marriage or partnership will prosper most when Capricornians combine with Taurians (April 21 to May 22), Virgoans (August 24 to September 23), Scorpians (October 24 to November 23), or Pisceans (February 19 to March 21). Marriage with Cancerians (June 22 to July 23) sometimes proves successful, but greater patience and understanding are necessary if such unions are to last.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be patient and cautious this week. Difficulties and delays can postpone, especially on January 17, 18, and 19 (early). Perhaps on January 14 (morning) and 15, too.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Work hard all this week. Opportunities have turned into progress and additional happiness or pleasure. January 17 very fair. January 18 (especially around dusk) probably best; January 19 (before sunrise) next best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Get routine tasks in hand, and complete outstanding ones. Better times come soon and you'll not want to be hampered by uncertainties. Meanwhile January 20 (noon and early evening hours) can be quite helpful, but January 14 (early), January 15 and 16 (forenoon) can be poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Take no risks; avoid changes, arguments, upsets, opposition, and impulsive. Guard the health and possessions. Loss and worry possible, especially on January 14 (before 8 a.m.), January 15 (noon), and January 16, 17, 18, and 19 (early).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular. Keep to routine tasks but aim at consolidation of past ventures, changes, and enterprises. January 14, 15, 16 (midday), and perhaps January 20, poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't waste time on unessentials on January 18 (especially around dusk), January 19 (before sunrise), and perhaps January 17. Start new ventures and seek advancement and be confident.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be on guard against difficulties brought on by carelessness, foolishness, impatience, delays and other people. Keep to the ordinary affairs and avoid change and discord, especially on January 14, 15, 19 (noon), and perhaps on January 17 and 20.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Quite good times possible for many. Scorpians this week, chiefly on January 13 and 18 (around dusk), January 19 (before sunrise and between 1 and 2 p.m.), and maybe on January 17. Be moderately progressive then. Be cautious on January 14 (early a.m.) and January 19 (forenoon).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Consolidation of past events, changes, or opportunities will prove wisest. Be cautious on January 15 (near noon), but January 20 (around noon) can be helpful.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Hard work at this time should pay good dividends. Seek promotion or other gains and favors, and make changes. Start new ventures, especially on January 17 (very fair), January 18 (best between 5 and 8 p.m.), or January 19 (before sunrise). January 19 also adverse, but good around noon. January 20 (noon and early evening) may prove fortunate, too.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Concentrate on routine tasks for the present, but begin to plan ahead for the near future. Things improve shortly. Meanwhile January 19 (between 1 and 2 p.m.) or January 20 (around noon and early evening) may bring first signs of happier times or better fortune.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Quite fair for many on January 13, 17, 18 (best around dusk) or 20 (before sunrise). Be cautious and try to dodge upsets and discord on January 14 (early before 9 a.m.), January 15 (especially near noon) or January 16 (morning).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

Editor, A.W.W.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is assisting **MR. ROARK:** Of the Secret Service, in an attempt to trap the Octopus Ring, a desperate gang of spies who are stealing government aeroplane plans. Having been outwitted in the first round of his endeavor, Mandrake cables to

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, to visit him. The cable is altered by the spies, and as a result she is trapped on arrival and made a prisoner in the spies' headquarters. There she is forced to send a message to Mandrake, who hurries to the house. His knock at the front door is unanswered and he enters the premises. **NOW READ ON:**



NARDA. WONDER WHERE SHE IS? STRANGE, ALL THE DOORS IN THIS CORRIDOR ARE LOCKED, EXCEPT THIS ONE.



WELL--HERE'S SOMEONE! PARDON ME, MY NAME IS--



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN. STAND WHERE YOU ARE AND DO NOT CROSS THE BLACK LINE!



WHO ARE YOU? WHERE IS NARDA?



DO NOT CROSS THE BLACK LINE. USE THAT TELEPHONE AT YOUR SIDE.

HELLO--HELLO--



MANDRAKE--IT'S NARDA--THEY'RE HOLDING ME PRISONER HERE! I DON'T KNOW WHY! THERE'S A MAN HERE WITH A PISTOL--HE'S POINTING IT AT ME--



NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW THINGS ARE, STAND QUIETLY, AND I WILL EXPLAIN WHY NARDA AND YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE!



WHAT IS THIS--?

WHY ARE YOU KEEPING NARDA A PRISONER HERE? WHO ARE YOU?



MANDRAKE, A SHORT TIME AGO, YOU ALMOST UNCOVERED OUR ORGANIZATION! IT WAS THE CLOSEST SHAVE WE EVER HAD!

THEN--THIS IS THE SPY-RING!



DON'T CROSS THAT BLACK LINE--OR NARDA WILL DIE INSTANTLY.

I DECIDED THAT YOU WERE TOO DANGEROUS TO WORK AGAINST US. YOU'D BE INVALUABLE--WORKING WITH US! BUT A MAN WITH YOUR UNUSUAL POWERS IS HARD TO CONTROL!



SO THAT'S IT! WHEN CAN I SEE HER?



NEVER. YOU'RE TOO TRICKY, MANDRAKE. BUT IF YOU TRY TO TRICK ME--OR DISOBEY MY ORDERS--SHE WILL DIE AT ONCE!

YOU'RE KEEPING NARDA, AS A HOLD OVER ME. WHO ARE YOU?



YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. NOW, THE INTERVIEW IS OVER. SONYA WILL INSTRUCT YOU FURTHER.

SO YOU'RE SONYA, THE GIRL WITH THE PIGEONS!



AND YOU'RE MANDRAKE, THE MAN WHO TRIED TO SELL ME A MOST AMAZING VACUUM CLEANER.

SONYA, NOW THAT I'M A MEMBER OF YOUR SPY-RING--WHO IS THE MAN IN THE CHAIR?



I DON'T KNOW. NONE OF US KNOWS!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR LEADER IS?



NONE OF US IS ALLOWED TO CROSS THAT BLACK LINE! NONE OF US HAS EVER SEEN HIM!

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d



The Modern Mother Hubbard finds **PYREX** in her cupboard...



NO bare cupboard distresses the modern Mother Hubbard . . . she gazes with pleasure and pride at her gleaming Pyrex dishes in every type and size she could want. She's been a lucky lady and (by means of a subtle hint or two) has had Pyrex given her for Birthday, Christmas and Wedding Anniversary . . . or she's been a wise lady, and has collected her Pyrex piece by piece, weekly or as the household budget allowed.

Now she, too, knows how much a complete set of Pyrex lightens housekeeping. Meal planning is easier when you have the correct

dishes to tempt you to experiment with new recipes. Whole meals can be cooked in the oven, saving gas or electricity — AND the worry of constant watching. Oven-cooked meals taste better and keep you fitter, because they retain the natural goodness of the food. Furthermore Pyrex goes straight from oven to table, which means much less washing up . . . and no bother of dishing up.

Send for the Pyrex Recipe Book-Catalogue and start planning to be a modern Mother Hubbard now!

AGEE PYREX

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A NEW 36-PAGE
RECIPE BOOK

PACKED with unusual, economical and thrilling recipes . . . illustrated with natural colour photographs. It's yours FREE if you mail this coupon to Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd., Box 4292 Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

Name

Address



On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Green bridal frock . . .

"GREEN and not even new" is Mary Regan's description of her own wedding frock . . . quiet marriage with Sergeant Vernon Gracey, R.A.A.F., takes place at St. Mary's Cathedral.

Vernon is son of late Mr. and Mrs. James Gracey, of Bombay, and has been in Australia for two years.

Both bride and bridegroom unattended at ceremony which is followed by small reception at Macquarie Club. Bride's mother, Mrs. Charles Regan, Tamworth, receives guests.

Mary has no plans for future home until after the war, but goes to northern State this week to be near Air Force husband.

Luggage plus cat . . .

WITH her mother, Mrs. F. H. Pearson, and small son Ross, Mrs. Macgregor Cutler goes to Wellington, N.S.W., where she has taken a house . . . knows numerous people there, and has sister, Mrs. Ted Gregory, and latter's young son, Campbell, in the household.

Ross and Campbell refused to move from Hunter's Hill without the family pet, a cat, who was promptly included in the limited portable household treasures taken to the country with them.

New names . . .

GILLIAN VICTORIA are names chosen for baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Peck, of Stoke Poges, England . . . Mrs. Peck was former Sue White, of Sydney, who also has Victoria as second name.

Mrs. Victor White receives cable from Sue saying, "family flourishing," and cable from son, Pilot-Officer Patrick White, from Libya on same day.

Diamonds . . .

SOLITAIRE diamond in square setting for Elaine Duff, elder daughter of the B. E. Duffs, of Darling Point, from Sgt. Donald Shea, R.A.A.F., stationed "somewhere in the country."

Madge Graham also wearing lovely diamond ring from Ian Sinclair, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Sinclair, of Ashfield.

Did you know? . . .

SURPRISE for Mrs. J. B. Sautelle, of Hilstead, Bombala, in cable from youngest son, L.A.C. Peter Sautelle, abroad with R.A.A.F. . . Peter sends cheery new year wishes to all the family, and adds he is marrying Canadian Sylvia Saunders that same week.

Settling into her new home at Coogee is Mrs. Edward Higgins, former Joy Kelly, of Sydney, with her two sons John and Colin. Mrs. Higgins returned recently from Noumea after 15 months' residence there.

Fleeting visit to Sydney for Mrs. Ken Mackay . . . arrives in Sydney one morning after spending few days with family, the Curtis Skenes, at Kilbride, then leaves for Dungog home next day.

With her small son, Tony, Mrs. Clinton Ayers has moved from her home at Clifton Gardens to Leura House, Argyle, where her mother, Mrs. E. R. Bubb, of Neutral Bay, pays occasional visits to see her. Sister June (Mrs. Ken) Grant has taken a flat at Wagga, and is busy with housekeeping plans.

Wed in Brisbane . . .

GUESTS invited by telephone three days beforehand to attend wedding of Pam Huybers and Lieutenant Robert Brown, in Brisbane.

Pam chooses exquisite all-white lace and net gown, complete with train and lace veil. Mrs. Bill Kilgour matron of honor, and V.A.D. Joan Hooper, bridesmaid.

Bridegroom, who is attended by Captain Andy Spiers and Kenneth Huybers, flies back to Sydney next day with bride.

Plans altered . . .

FLORA INGLIS has folded away the length of lovely dusty-pink crepe which she purchased for a bridesmaid's frock . . . as sister Alicia decides to get married quietly a month before original wedding date, and has no attendants.

Alicia, who marries John Sutherland at St. Mary's Cathedral, chooses afternoon frock of white American crepe with attractive sequin collar, and small white hat trimmed with frill of organdie on brim.

Large mauve orchids and John's wedding gift—emerald and diamond brooch in shape of a lizard, part of bridal array.

David Sutherland is best man for brother John . . . small reception at home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Inglis at Vaucluse. Alicia will probably stay on with parents as John enlists soon for voluntary coastal defence work.

Luncheon date abroad . . .

NEWS from Mrs. Douglas Fewtrell, in Melbourne, where she is keeping on her pre-marriage job in a specialist's rooms, to parents-in-law, Major-General A. C. Fewtrell (new E.C. base commandant), and Mrs. Fewtrell, tells them that her sister, Beatrice Pollard, A.I.F. nurse, met and lunched with Douglas somewhere in the Middle East recently.

Military wedding . . .

MILITARY wedding at Great Synagogue for Captain Cecil Gilbert, A.A.M.C., and Essie Hyman on January 22. Wedding originally planned for following Thursday, but reception cancelled and date brought forward a week owing to war situation.

Bridal gown of ivory satin damask is ready, but earlier date for wedding rather confusing for bridesmaids who have not yet decided on their frocks.

Bridegroom is brother of city health officer, Dr. Phillip Gilbert, whose marriage with Jill Cohen took place month or so ago.

Heard around town . . .

FULLTIME Red Cross jobs for Heather and Betty Field these days . . . Heather is at Red Cross Blood Bank, and Betty works each day at the Dream House office.

And seen . . .

DINING at Romano's . . . Mrs. John Gunning in tailored black frock with unusual belt of pillar-box red interlaced with black. Also Mrs. Mick Arnott in floral frock with new blonde streak in her dark coiffure.

Mrs. Jim Gowing, looking most attractive and efficient at wheel of Anzac Buffet Auxiliary van.



• BUSY with Red Cross seals for children's competition, now ending February 28, are Mrs. Arthur Goodall and V. A. Ursula Barton.



• AT ARMY WAR Comforts Auxiliary lunch-rooms, Mrs. Jack Makinson and Betty Moginie receive prompt service from Mrs. Panton Craik and Julie Dewey.



• SERIOUS GAME. Mesdames G. McLean (left) and C. L. Rush at bridge afternoon for 1st Machine-Gun Welfare Association funds.



• PAUSE between dances for Geraldine Gunn and Lieut. Gordon Palmer at Romano's together.



• DINING AT CIRO'S, Double Bay. Private and Mrs. Darcy Lloyd enjoy a joke together.



• ADELAIDE VISITORS Mary Cadmore and Barbara Crawford, with Alison Grant (standing), at Prince's. Bridesmaids at Clegg-Milne wedding.



• HERO'S WELCOME. Mrs. D. Morris chats with Lieutenant Ro. Cutler, V.C., at battalion comforts fund party, Legacy Club rooms, in his honor.



• RENOVATIONS keep Mrs. John Branton, Mrs. Douglas Fell, and Helen Williams busy with needle and thread at "Bundles for Britain" rooms.

THIS PROBLEM OF SENDING YOUR CHILD AWAY

Doctors discuss raid effects on youngsters of all ages

By MARGARET RICHARDS

"I don't know which would make me more unhappy—bombs or leaving mummy and daddy and living with people who don't really love me."

This is what a little girl of ten years told me when I asked her if she was going to be evacuated to the country.

THE psychological turmoil of this small child is only one of the problems of evacuation. Parents are trying to make up their minds just what to do.

Difficult pros and cons of the domestic side have to be weighed.

There is the desire of the wife to share with her husband whatever danger may come, the financial burden of supporting two households, and the uprooting of children from schools where they have already found their feet.

But, actually, these problems are only minor in relation to determining the mental and physical well-being of the children.

Some interesting opinions on the evacuation of children have been expressed by doctors.

A well-known Sydney medical man, in planning the evacuation of children, stated that all children under 12 should be evacuated, and at once. At the Government's expense, if necessary.

He considers that the average child, older than 12, has passed the fatally impressionable age.

An English doctor, Dr. W. E. R. Mons, a trained psychologist, is heartily in favor of the evacuation of children, no matter what their age.

He vigorously attacks the

conduct of thousands of parents who have taken their children back from safe evacuation districts to their own homes in target areas.

"If there's another raid, the children can be evacuated again," is the dangerous outlook of the parents which he condemns.

But the effect of that one "extra" raid may do untold harm to the child.

It is impossible to tell immediately what reaction will result. Very possibly, the child himself will not know.

In one case cited by Dr. Mons, a boy had, according to his own statement, slept through a raid, but the realisation next day of how near death he had been caused a severe shock, none the less serious because it was delayed.

Like adults, children "crack hardy," and their casual air of assumed normality may be far removed from the real psychological reaction.

Besides, that one "extra" raid may undo in a few moments all the curative value of months in districts out of the line of fire.

Difficult children

WE heard much at the beginning of the war regarding "difficult evacuation children" in England, and no doubt many of us have wondered if families offering accommodation in Australia to city children would be faced with the same problems.

But these difficulties were not necessarily the children's fault. Some of them, of course, would be "difficult" even in their normal life and normal environment. In their own homes they would be looked on, as "unmanageables."

But the majority of the "difficult evacuation children" were "difficult" only because of their subjection to bombing—or, almost equally important—because of their subjection to the fear of bombing.

It was found that formerly good and intelligent children became suddenly obstreperous, destructive, mischievous, lazy, played truant from school, and, in short, unmanageable in the billet to which they had been evacuated.



EVACUATION rehearsals are in full swing at Sydney day nurseries. Miss C. Hamilton, one of the voluntary workers at the Woollahroo nursery, with three of the 600 children who will be evacuated in the event of emergency.

In some cases the teacher of the new school expressed doubt about the pupil's mental normality, where the previous report had stated him to be up to "scholarship standard." The children also showed marked inability to know what to do with themselves.

They tired of one thing after another in rapid succession—legitimate amusement and mischief both proving equally lacking in attraction after a few minutes.

The children became a nuisance to themselves as well as to others.

They seemed to possess deep resentment against the adults who had failed to provide that security and protection which is every child's birthright; the collapse of all the values which education had carefully built up so far.

Death became a personal problem, and parental authority was no longer a safe shield against the direct threat of extinction.

Such problems are affecting British children who were previously normal—healthy, intelligent, well-behaved—and they are problems which will affect Australian children unless they are removed in time from our danger zones.

The strain of parting with parents to take up a new life with possibly critical strangers is difficult for children.

Those who have offered their homes and those who will be helping with evacuated children will have to remember that, whether subjected to air raids or not, the children will need infinite sympathy and understanding.

ENGLISH MOTHERS sadly say farewell to their children en route to areas safe from bombing.

LLOYD LAMBLE

Invites you to enter with him

"The HALL of MEMORIES"

And hear once more the songs and verse the world loves to remember, but too often forgets.

2GB Sundays 9 p.m.
(Repeat broadcast, Mondays, 11.15 a.m.)

It's a Merry

MUSICAL QUIZ!

"MUSICAL BOX"

2GB

Sundays at 7.45 p.m.

Do you know your Hollywood?

Informative session from 2GB

Many Australian stage and radio stars will appear in the new 2GB programme, "Radio Hollywood," which recently had its first presentation from the Macquarie Auditorium.

Among the artists who will make their bow are Janet Lind, former star of Louis Levy's Gaumont-British symphony orchestra; Alan Coad, regarded as one of the finest baritones in Australia; Jean Hatton, the Australian Deanna Durbin; Ron Randell, Billy Samuel, the American comedian; and George Blackshaw.

ONLY a year ago, George Blackshaw was a serious and austere radio announcer in Melbourne. Now he is regarded highly as a comedian, one of his most popular acts being his discussions on music which he calls "Highbrow talks for lowbrows."

The Hollywood Reporter, who is one of Australia's leading movie authorities, provides three items in the programme. The first is news and gossip from Hollywood, received each week by cable.

The second is a "Movie Quiz,"

in which contestants ask him a question dealing with the movies. If he fails to answer correctly the contestant receives five shillings.

The contestant is then asked a question and, if successful, receives another five shillings. A bonus of an extra ten shillings goes to the contestant who scores in both.

His third feature is "Country and Interstate Quiz," in which listeners outside Sydney send in questions they would like the Hollywood Reporter to answer. For each question used 2/8 is paid, and if he cannot answer them spontaneously the writer receives 5/-.

Reg Lewis and his Macquarie Orchestra are responsible for the



THE Hollywood Reporter in front of the microphone.

musical side of the show, while Barbara James is the vocalist. "Radio Hollywood" is produced by George Matthews, who studied production in Hollywood. It is heard from 2GB every Thursday at 7.45 p.m. Listeners are invited to witness these shows by applying to 2GB for free reservations.

Diggers of to-day write another Anzac Book



COVER AND DUST SHEET of "Active Service" show this sketch model by Lieut. Lyndon Dodswell, A.I.F., former Master of Sculpture at Sydney Technical College.



TOBRUK'S FAMOUS bush artillery—boys from the cookhouses, messes, and so on—who were allowed to man captured Italian guns. This illustration is taken from "Active Service," described by its editors as an illustrated notebook of life in the Middle East.

"Active Service" tells the robust saga of our Australian soldiers abroad

The spirit of the Digger has not changed with the years. As in the "Anzac Book" of last war, this war's first official Digger book, "Active Service," demonstrates the unquenchable spirit of the Australian, his humor and his courage.

"He is at his best when talking about his mates, and one of the best yarns of "Active Service" concerns Ernie, who was a cook.

IT tells of a bunch of soldiers doing a job at the tail end of the advance to Benghazi, isolated and frozen, and living on bully and biscuits. They didn't mind the cold or the isolation, but food was a different matter.

"We turned on an act for one of the company commanders. He took pity on us, and said he'd send us a babbling brook. He sent us Ernie.

"Ernie was the funniest-looking cove I've ever seen. He would have made a fortune stooging for Walt Disney. He had a frame that was six-feet-plenty of no bones at all, and a moon face that rocked backwards and forwards on top of it. He had a mouth that stretched from ear to ear, about two teeth, and a pair of watery-looking eyes. He just shuffled into the billet, gave us one of those face collapses which we learned afterwards were his apologies for grins, and said, 'Hello, boys, I'm yer new babbling brook.'

"We weren't impressed with Ernie. He didn't look exactly like one of those smart coves who do things with a white cap, an apron,

and a couple of frying pans and a stove, and out come steak and eggs with chips on the side for two bob a nob.

"He seemed so punch-drunk that we swapped knowing winks, cast a miserable eye at the boxes of tinned horse and biscuits in the corner of the billet, and walked out.

"We copped the shock of our lives when we came home that night—cold and wet from a petrol-sprong. . . . We only hoped that Ernie would have enough common folly to make some tea without burning it. We nearly went for a seven when we came in the door.

"Three-course turnout"

"OUR noses worked overtime taking in the pleasant whiff of cooking. Ernie looked at us from over some pots and pans, and said, 'Kern on, boys. I've made yer some sausage rolls and chipped per-taters. There wasn't much I could pinch on the way up.'

"We soon put the tucker away, don't worry. . . . We pumped Ernie, and he told us he'd got off with a bag of 'It' flour, about a dozen big tins of English snags, and goodness knows what else from a ration dump he passed on the way up.

"On, he did better than that later on when we started to gather up a few of some of the more eatable Wop rations that were lying around. He got as far as three-course turnouts, with soup and all. . . .

"We were shifted to a seafront job a little while afterwards, and Ernie's skipper let him come with us. He didn't know what a jewel he was giving away, I suppose. . . .

"No longer did the winter winds chop their way through our ribs—they couldn't get around the lining that Ernie's tucker had put there. . . .

"One morning we spotted Ernie walking down to the beach, with his usual silly grin spread across his 'Jem Mace.' He had about half a dozen T.N.T. briquettes from a broken-down 'It' landmine in his hands, and some coils of F.I.D. and safety fuse and detonators looped around his arms. I was a bit worried about seeing the poor old cove playing about with these fire-works, and I thought I'd give him the drum to be careful.

"He didn't stop grinning, and just

answered, 'Yalra, I know all about it. It's tens against and write yer own ticket that we'll be sparring up to Lillian Gish for tea.' Later we heard the thump of underwater blasting, and Ernie came shuffling back with a big string of fish hanging by their gills from a cane ring. . . .

"Poor Ernie, if he hadn't walked into an issue of hot stuff, maybe we'd still be living the life of Riley. But he got a trip to the Pearly Gates.

"One day he was fishing around some smashed-up packing-cases on a kindling-wood hunt. Anyhow he touched off a thermos bomb and that was 'mafeesh' for Ernie. He never knew what hit him. . . .

"We buried him, the padre came up and said a few words about loving our mates and what a fine thing it was to have comradeship among mates. I felt a bit silly about the Adam's apple and my eyes ran a bit, I might as well admit. But I didn't have that on my own either.

"It's a stone cert that the padre never jerried to why we were so fussy about making a nice job of Ernie's grave. . . .

"I've often wondered about it myself, but maybe it wasn't only because Ernie could turn off miracles with his dioxies.

"I wish I could see his homely old clock around the joint now. Well, he'll be the warrior that our particular gang will talk about most if ever we go on an Anzac Day scout when we hit civvy clothes again."

"Active Service" published for the Military History and Information Section, A.I.F., by the Board of Management of the Australian War Memorial, Canberra. (Halstead Press Pty. Ltd.).

A DESIGN FOR LIVING

PALESTINE IS A MAN'S COUNTRY — THE "WOP" MAYBE PRIMITIVE BUT HE HAS THE RIGHT FLAVOUR ON DOMESTIC BLISS



WHY NOT INTRODUCE A NEW ORDER ON OUR RETURN



CARTOON from "Active Service."

They toast him in ice-cream...

D.F.C. hero to Dad's pupils

A young Australian aviator, Wing-Commander Arthur Hubbard, of Morisset, N.S.W., is a hero to the schoolchildren who are pupils in the little country school where his father is the headmaster.

THEY celebrate good news of Arthur with after-school parties at the local tuck-shop. Mr. Hubbard footed the bill for the ice-cream when his son won the D.F.C. recently.

At the age of twenty-five Arthur Hubbard has 50 air-raids to his credit in Europe and Africa. He has won promotion from the rank of Flight-Lieutenant to Wing-Commander in thirteen months.

It was for his work in bombing Germany's No. 1 armament factory,

Krupps, in October, 1940, that he was decorated.

Perhaps there are moments when, commencing a dangerous and difficult night raid, he thinks of his home . . . of the pink roses that cluster over the verandah, the brown-painted cottage with a tall gum at the side, and the school-house next door.

His sister Beryl described him as "rather tall with curly dark hair, blue eyes, and a determined chin with a dimple in it."

"And he has been a wonderful son," added his mother.

"We are feeling extremely proud of his rapid promotion," Mr. Hubbard said. "Now he is to take command of an all-Australian bomber squadron of Wellington bombers."

While he was in Egypt he was lucky enough to meet his brother, Don, who left Australia with the first contingent.

A few months later these two brothers were taking part in the same campaign in Greece, one in the air and the other on the land.

Don Hubbard was captured at Crete and is now a prisoner of war.

Seven of the nine have been reported "missing, presumed killed in action," or "prisoner of war."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, January 14.

—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, January 15.

—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, January 16.

—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, January 17.

—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, January 18.

—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, January 19.

—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, January 20.

—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

Continuing - - - Landfall

from page 5

"LOOK," he said. "There's a little bit of risk in every sort of flying in wartime, just as there is for ships at sea. When I was at Ensworth three chaps from my squadron fell into the drink. A month ago I was over Germany, down as far as Leipzig. This new job isn't any more dangerous than any of the other things. But in a war, in any sort of job, things do sometimes happen. That's why I made that will."

"I see."

There was a long pause. Presently she said: "I dunno if it's going to be so easy for us to keep on the way we are now, Jerry."

He was silent. The feel of her shoulder warm beneath his hand had put the same idea into his head.

She turned in his arms and looked over to the window. "If we found we couldn't, I don't want to jump into a honeymoon the way you said. It wouldn't do. I'd rather that it was the other way."

Gently he turned her back to him.

"You mean you'd rather that we went away together somewhere for the week-end or something?"

"That's right."

"I wouldn't know how to set about it."

"Nor would I. But we could learn."

They looked at each other and laughed.

Chambers said: "I'd have to get a book about it and read it up. I suppose I'd have to get a wedding ring for you, and then we'd go to an hotel and register as Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

"We'd want to have an engagement ring as well. It'd look awfully fishy if I went with just a wedding ring."

"A very new one, too."

"That's right. Wouldn't it be awful if we got found out?"

He said: "They can't do anything to you for that. The police, I mean."

"Not even if you register with a false name? In wartime?"

"I'm not so sure about that one. They might not like that very much."

"They could be terribly nasty, anyway."

He laughed down at her. "I don't think very much of your idea," he said. "It's too risky and too complicated. It'd be much simpler to be old-fashioned and get married, and have done with it."

She said: "I don't want to do that."

He asked gently: "Why not?"

"I dunno, Jerry. . . . There was a pause, and then she said: "It wouldn't do. I'd like to go on like we are. But if we found we couldn't, then I'd rather we was Mr. and Mrs. Smith for a bit."

He said very quietly, "Every word you utter goes like an arrow to my heart. A barbed arrow, I should say. You know, you're the Bad Girl of the Family. The Scarlet Woman."

She smiled a little. "You do say awful things."

"Added to which," he said gently, "my pride's cut to the quick. Here I am, Lord Jerry of Chambers Hall, Chambers, Chambershire, and you spurn my suit."

She did not laugh. "That's it," she said softly.

He stared at her. "I believe you've got this wrong," he said. "Are you thinking of our families?"

She said honestly: "That's right. We aren't really the same sort, Jerry, and being married is for ever. We'd want to be terribly careful, or we'd be unhappy all our lives. Both of us."

"I am being careful. I haven't been so careful since I first went solo."

"Talk serious, I mean it."

"I know you do."

"Well then . . ."

She turned in his arms and faced him. "Look, Jerry," she said, "let's talk sensible. You know how I feel about you. You can have anything you want from me—honest, you can. And there's never been anyone before, either."

"I know that," he said.

"But I don't want to marry you—not for a long time, anyway." She looked down. "It wouldn't do."

"Why not?"

She said: "I wouldn't marry you unless I could talk like the other officers' wives, and dress like them, and play tennis, and that—and sort of think like them. I can't do any of them things. If we got married now we'd be happy for a month, and then we'd be unhappy ever after. That's not good enough."

He was silent for a minute. Then

he said: "You're wrong. You won't be an officer's wife, not when the war's over. I shan't be able to stay on in the Air Force—not with the Caranx business on the record. And in the war it doesn't matter a hoot."

She looked up into his face. "You'll stay in the Air Force," she said, "and you'll go right up to the top. You'll be an Air Vice-Marshal before you leave, or something of that. You will, Jerry—I know."

He grinned at her, but there was moisture in his eyes. "Fat lot you know about it," he said. "Look, Monna. I want you to marry me at once."

"I daresay you do," she said. "But I'm not going to."

They argued for a quarter of an hour and got no further. Presently she said: "It's getting very dark, Jerry. If we're going to get on the road before the black-out we'll have to go."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Next week," he said. "I've got to do a little work. I'll have to get to bed early each night; I can't be late. I'll make a date to come and take you dancing on Monday of next week for certain. If we get a day of bad weather I'll come in during the day, but don't count on that. Don't be worried if I don't turn up till Monday week."

She said: "That's a long time to wait, Mr. Smith."

"Lord Jerry of Chambers Hall to you. I'll have no less-majesty."

She laughed up at him. "Mr. Smith to me."

"I don't see what he's getting so worked up about," the pilot said. "He's only got to watch. Heaven help him if he ever got into a real jam."

The wing-commander turned and glanced with the pilot at the civilian pacing nervously up and down in front of the aeroplane. "He feels responsible for this. He took it very badly when the Navy cut the time short. Since then he's been working long hours on his distribution curves."

The pilot said: "He looks as if he'll collapse any minute."

Professor Legge had a headache. He walked up and down before the aeroplane, anxious and fretting. From time to time he went round to the tail and got into the cabin, inspecting the last adjustments that the electricians were making to the apparatus, bothering them with his evident anxiety.

HE had worked hard for the last week, too hard for his health. Unaided, he had covered in a week the research which he had estimated would take six weeks. He had covered about half the ground that would have been necessary to ensure safety for the enterprise.

Now the trials were upon him, and he could do no more.

In the mental fatigue and strain from which he suffered he had lost a great deal of his sense of proportion. He had slept, in the last week, for a total of about thirty hours. He had been compelled to go to Cambridge to collect certain data, and he had visited the aerodrome three or four times.

For the whole of the rest of the week he had sat in the sitting-room of his Southsea flat plodding through endless computations with slide rules, graphs, and the little black comptometer. His wife had helped him very much. She had brought him tea and biscuits at intervals of two hours all through the night, had given him aspirins to help him sleep, had slept little more than he had in the week. This she had done without any understanding of the work, because for reasons of secrecy he had told her nothing.

All he had said was that he was terribly afraid that they might have an accident, because the Navy were in such a hurry. For Mrs. Legge that had been sufficient.

Now on the morning of the trial, fretting and apprehensive as he waited for the adjustments to be finished, he blamed himself most bitterly that he had not worked harder, had not got through more in the time.

Passing through London on his return from Cambridge he had slept a night at his club. He had got to London no later than half-past eight at night, having travelled and worked since dawn. There had been a train down to Portsmouth at nine-forty-seven, which would have

got him to his flat in Southsea before midnight.

He might have got in three or four hours' more work before going to bed that night. Instead, he had given up and slept at his club, travelling down next day. Those hours now were lost for ever. They might have made a difference. There might be some new factor only a few hours ahead of him, some presage of disaster.

He tortured himself with the thought that he could have worked harder, got through more, if he had not been lazy. His laziness might mean the death of this young man.

Wing-Commander Hewitt came up to him. "Pretty well finished now, I think, Professor. The car's waiting. It's about time we went down to the pier." They were to watch the trial from a trowler.

The civilian hesitated, irresolute. "Just one moment," he said. He walked quickly round the machine and went into the fuselage again. The wing-commander waited patiently till he reappeared.

"All right?"

"I think so. Just let me have another word with the pilot."

They crossed the grass to where Chambers was chatting to the flight-leutenant. "You will remember to keep looking at the milliammeter the whole of the time?" Legge said. There was a note of entreaty in his voice. "That really is very important indeed."

Behind him the wing-commander winked at the pilot merrily. With a grave face Chambers said: "I understand that, sir. It's all right up to forty milliamperes. If it goes over that I throw the switch."

Legge said: "That's it. It will be quite all right if you do that. Mind, it ought not to go over twenty-five." He hesitated, and then he said: "I wouldn't let it go quite to forty. Say thirty-eight."

"Very good, sir. I'll cut the switch at thirty-eight."

The professor sighed. "That's better, perhaps. You are quite happy now about what you've got to do?"

"Quite all right, sir. I understand everything perfectly."

The wing-commander said gently: "I think we'll have to get along now, Professor."

"All right," Legge turned to the pilot again and smiled with attempted cheeriness. "All the best."

The pilot grinned. "We'll go out on a blind to-night if this thing works all right, sir."

He watched the wing-commander and the civilian as they walked over to the car. He turned to the flight-leutenant by his side. "And we'll go to the mortuary if it doesn't. What about a beer before lunch?"

In the trowler a small party of naval officers were already waiting. Captain Burnaby was there, and greeted them affably.

"Good morning, Wing-Commander. Good morning, Professor Legge. I hope we're going to see a good trial to-day."

The civilian licked his dry lips. It was incredible that these officers did not seem to realise the risk of absolute disaster staring them in the face. He said: "I hope so, too."

Burnaby turned to the Air Force officer. "Everything all right, Hewitt?"

"Quite all right, sir. The machine is ready to take off now."

"Very good." He turned to the R.N.V.R. officer in the little wheel-house. "You can cast off, Captain."

The trowler slid away from the quayside and headed for the Solent. Half an hour later they were passing through the Gate: in the open sea outside the island the trowler began rolling.

It was a grey, cold day with clouds down to about fifteen hundred feet. As soon as the vessel left the quay the naval officers all bolted down below and crowded into the little cuddy, filling it with their gossip and tobacco smoke. Legge followed them, but the motion of the vessel, the smoke, and the tension of his anxiety combined to drive him up on deck again into the cold, salt air. He stood in a sheltered corner watching the flung spray drive past him from the bows, cold and miserable, and feeling rather sick.

Presently the R.N.V.R. officer invited him into the wheel-house; he

sat down on a bench inside the door behind the helmsman and went on torturing himself with mental calculations of the influences round the battleship.

An hour later the trial took place.

The trowler lay rolling head to sea; everyone was now on deck. Most of the officers held field-glasses in their gloved hands; Legge had no glasses, but the captain of the trowler lent him his own. Half a mile away the battleship lay, practically stopped, rolling very slightly in the trough of the sea. Above her, circling around, was the twin-engined monoplane.

Captain Burnaby said: "All right. Give him the light."

A signalman began flashing at the aeroplane with an Aldis lamp. In answer a red flare detached itself from the machine and floated slowly down against a cold grey sky. Hewitt said: "He's ready now."

The aeroplane withdrew a couple of miles to the south, then turned and flew straight for the battleship. Legge watched, tense and apprehensive. The naval officers watched with interest, tempered with unbelief.

The machine came on . . . and on . . . and on. Nothing happened. Sick with anxiety, Legge watched it fly over the ship, turn slowly, and fly back towards the south.

There was a general relaxation and a few faint smiles. Somebody said aloud: "The thing won't work."

The minutes crawled by. The machine returned, flying a little lower. Again it passed over the ship and nothing happened. Again it turned towards the south.

CAPTAIN BURN-

ABY turned to Legge. "What do you think can have happened, Professor?" he said. There was a grim set to his face; he did not like to be trifled with.

"I've no idea." The suspense was unbearable.

Hewitt said: "The pilot's probably just being very careful."

Again the monoplane approached the ship. But this time that happened which was meant to happen.

The machine roared down upon the trowler in a power dive, pulled out twenty feet above her mast-head and went rocketing up from her in exultation. On her decks the tension was snapped; everyone was talking at once. Burnaby said: "I do congratulate you most heartily, Professor. And you, too, Hewitt. It went splendidly."

The civilian said weakly: "Thank you, sir." Above everything he wanted to go somewhere and sit quietly and rest. He was desperately tired, too tired to be pleased with the success.

The naval officers stood around in little groups discussing in low tones. What they had seen disturbed them very much. Ships were their homes, their livelihood, their very lives. It hurt them and distressed them to see a ship treated in the way that that one had been treated.

Somebody said ruefully: "There wouldn't have been much left of her if that stuff had been loaded."

Another said, with doubtful optimism: "I should think the multiple pom-poms would have got the machine . . ."

The discussions ranged in low, uncertain tones all the way back to harbor.

The trowler made fast to the quay at about four o'clock. Burnaby said to Hewitt, "I'll come up with you to the aerodrome, if I may. I should like to see the installation in the aeroplane."

"By all means. We're going back there in the car."

They drove up to the aerodrome. Hewitt and Burnaby went straight into the hangar to the machine; Legge turned aside and went to the pilot's office to find Chambers.

The pilot was reading a novel at the bare wooden table. He got up as the professor came in.

The civilian said: "That was a great success, Chambers. Everyone was very pleased."

The pilot blushed a little. "I'm glad of that, sir. It seemed to go all right."

"It went very well indeed. What was the matter on the first two runs?"

Chambers said: "On the first one the milliammeter went right up, sir. It went to somewhere between thirty-two and thirty-six. It was jumping about a bit, so I switched off."

A cold hand clutched again at

Animal Antics



"Did you see those cute faces that little chap makes? Let's give him an encore!"

the professor's heart. There was no ending to the tension of this job.

"What happened on the second run?" he said quietly.

"On the second run it didn't work at all. The milliammeter stuck round about eighteen. It never got over twenty, and nothing happened."

This was terrible. Legge's half-formed theories of the distribution round the ship went crumbling into dust. They were just blundering in the unknown.

"And the third time?"

"The third time it went perfectly, sir. The milliammeter got up to twenty-five quite a long time before, and stayed there steadily. I didn't feel it go at all. I just saw the ammeter go back to zero."

The Cambridge man said absently. "It all went very well. The Navy thought it was wonderful. In fact, I don't think they liked it much."

The pilot laughed. "I don't suppose they did. Hitler could give them a sick headache if he had it."

"Yes. As soon as we've got this to work, we'll have to concentrate on the defence against it."

"How can you do that?"

"Increase the influence from the ship or oscillate it rapidly."

The pilot thought for a minute. "That would mean my milliammeter would go all haywire!"

The professor nodded. "The explosion would take place in the aeroplane."

The pilot laughed. "Good fun. You can get another pilot when you start on those experiments."

The civilian smiled faintly. "I shall want a lot more time for pure research before we can begin on that."

Outside in the hangar Wing-Commander Hewitt crawled out of the fuselage on to the stained, greasy floor. Captain Burnaby followed him and adjusted the gold-peaked hat upon his head. "I do congratulate you again," he said. "It's very neat, and certainly it seems to work."

The Air Force officer nodded. "Would you like a word with the pilot, sir? I haven't heard his story yet."

"Yes, I'd like to see the pilot."

The wing-commander sent an airman to the pilot's office. Legge came with Chambers out into the hangar. They walked round the tail of the machine and came face to face with Burnaby and Hewitt.

The wing-commander said casually: "This is Flying-Officer Chambers, the pilot, sir. Captain Burnaby."

There was a terrible pause. The pilot became slowly crimson, blushing to the roots of his hair, embarrassed and furious with himself for blushing. The naval officer stood staring at him, four-square, the grim eyebrows knitted in a frown, the square jaw set firm. He did not offer to shake hands.

He said at last: "Good evening, Mr. Chambers. Do you feel satisfied with the trial to-day?"

The pilot said in a low tone: "Yes, sir." He cleared his throat. "I think it went all right."

The grey eyes bored into him. "And do you feel competent to carry on and complete the series of trials?"

The pilot said huskily: "Yes, sir."

Please turn to page 29

Continuing - - - Landfall

from page 28

THE captain swung round on his heel. "I'd like to have a word with you alone, Wing-Commander," he said. They walked together out on to the tarmac.

Professor Legge turned to the pilot. "That was very queer of him," he said.

"He's a queer fellow."

"You knew him before?"

The boy nodded. "I suppose he's telling Hewitt all about it now," he said. There was a note of resignation in his voice. "I sank one of his submarines last December."

The civilian stared at him. "You sank a submarine—a British one?"

The pilot nodded curtly. "It was miles out of position. I took it for a German."

"Oh..." The professor said no more. He felt himself in the presence of a service quarrel that was far above his head, and which he could do nothing to resolve. What the pilot had told him, so curtly and so shortly, was entirely shocking, and must obviously have created the bitterest feelings in the Navy. It was difficult to suppose that Burnaby would consent to the trials proceeding in the hands of Flying-Officer Chambers.

And with that thought there came to the professor the swift corollary that he would get more time. The trials could not proceed if the pilot were to be changed; they would be held up for a few days, and in those few days he could press forward with his calculations. It might still be possible to mitigate the frightful risks that they were taking.

On the tarmac the two officers paced side by side in silence for a few minutes. At last Hewitt said:

"I didn't know a thing about this, Captain Burnaby. If I had I'd never have accepted him for this work. I can't think what Postings was about."

The naval officer preserved a grim silence. He would not say what he was thinking of the organisation of the Royal Air Force.

The wing-commander went on: "At the same time, there he is and we must make the best of him."

The naval officer stopped dead. "I hope you don't propose that these trials should continue in his hands? In our view he's completely irresponsible."

The wing-commander turned and faced him. "I'll tell you what our view of that is to-morrow morning, sir," he said coolly. "In the meantime I'll get on to the Coastal Command right away and find out all about him. Probably I'll go over to-night and see them at Emsworth."

"The trial to-morrow must be cancelled."

The Air Force officer said: "Not by us. We shall cancel it if we find our pilot is unfit to do the work. If not, we shall be ready to proceed to-morrow morning in accordance with the pro forma."

There was an angry pause. At last the captain said: "Do you consider him to be a fit pilot, then?"

The wing-commander said directly: "I've not made up my mind, and I must see my A.O.C. If you had asked me that an hour ago I should have said that I thought him a very suitable pilot for the job." He paused, and then he said: "His conduct of the trials to date has been both serious and competent."

The captain gave him a long, reflective look. "I can't deny that," he said at last. "At the same time, the trials have only just begun. We very much object to going on with him."

Hewitt nodded slowly. "I see that. Will you leave it with me for this evening, Captain? I must find out his record, and I must see his late C.O., after that we'll make up our minds. We'll run no risks by using a bad pilot for sentiment. But to change him will set back these trials a week, and I'm not going to do that because you don't like his face."

"No," said Burnaby. "But in our view he's not responsible."

"I understand that, sir. Tell me, where can I get hold of you to-night?"

"I live at Sheffield." The wing-commander took down the telephone number.

"Very good sir. I'll get in touch with you upon the telephone after I've been to Emsworth."

He saw the naval officer to the grey-blue car with the airman chauffeur, watched him drive away. He turned back towards his office, but Legge was at his elbow.

The professor said: "Could you spare me a few moments?"

"Of course." They went into the office together.

The civilian said: "I've been talking to Chambers." He told the wing-commander of the vagaries shown on the millammeter. "That means the distribution round the ship is very far from what I had assumed. I'm afraid it means we simply don't know what we're doing."

"But the thing worked all right, Professor."

"I know it did—at the third shot." There was strain in the civilian's voice. "But don't you see—if he hadn't switched off on the first run it would have gone off in the aeroplane."

The wing-commander nodded. "I see that. But after all, that's what we put the switch there for."

Legge picked up a pencil from the desk and rolled it absently between his fingers. "I've got to tell you that I think this programme is extremely dangerous. We simply don't know what's happening."

Hewitt said: "We're finding out very quickly."

The other could not deny that. "Going at it in this way we learn a great deal in a short time. But the risk is enormous."

There was a short silence in the office. At last Hewitt said: "If we stopped the trials completely for a week—how would that suit you?"

"It's what I should like best. A fortnight would be better."

The wing-commander smiled. "I couldn't give you more than a week, and then only if the pilot had to be changed. The Navy don't like Chambers."

"I know. He told me about that. What do you think of Chambers, Professor?"

"I think he's a very good lad. Too good to be treated as we're treating him in this programme."

The wing-commander sighed. "I can't do anything about the programme," he said heavily. "We made our decision at the last meeting that we'd do it this way, and nothing's happened since to alter that decision. But if we have to change the pilot, that does give us breathing space."

Legge left the office. Hewitt sat down at his desk, rang for the clerk, and signed the papers in a couple of files. Then he put on his hat and coat and walked back to the hangar in the fading light. On the road he met Chambers going towards the mess.

He stopped. "I want a word with you, Chambers. Come back to my office."

In the office he said: "Captain Burnaby told me about the spot of bother you had in the winter."

The pilot was angry and defensive. "Yes, sir."

The wing-commander said: "I hadn't heard of it before, and I'm very sorry it's arisen now."

"Yes, I got posted away to Yorkshire. Then they posted me back here." He hesitated. "Does Captain Burnaby want another pilot?"

Hewitt said: "This is an Air Force station, not a bit of the Navy. We work in with the Navy and, in general, we do what they want, but only if it's reasonable. I want to go to Emsworth to-night to see Air-Commodore Hughes."

CHAMBERS said eagerly: "He'll give me a good chit, sir. There was a lot of doubt about that submarine. I still think it was a German."

"The Court of Inquiry didn't, Chambers."

The pilot said bitterly: "It was a naval court, sir."

There was a short silence.

The wing-commander said at last: "What on earth possessed you to come back here from Yorkshire?"

The boy faced him. "The usual thing," he said. "There was a girl down here, sir, who'd been decent to me that I wanted to see again. And that's the truth of it."

The wing-commander sighed. There was no answering that one.

Captain Burnaby drove back to the Dockyard in the Air Force car, dismissed it, and walked up to his office, that old-fashioned, Georgian building attached to Admiralty House, with ships in repair in docks all round about it.

He was angry with the Royal Air Force. He knew that it had been the merest chance that had made Chambers into the test pilot for these trials, but it seemed to him to be one of those chances that should not happen in a well-regulated service. To him it was the

inefficiency of the Royal Air Force once again, an inefficiency that existed largely in his own imagination. In his opinion nothing that the Air Force did was right; the Coastal Command never would become efficient until it became a sub-department of the Admiralty.

The daily rubs that must occur in the liaison between two fighting services irritated and inflamed his views; he was inclined to suspect antagonism to the Navy where none existed. He was accustomed to work long hours, never sparing himself; the strain of war was telling on him, making him difficult.

He worked for a couple of hours, then left his office and walked down to the Unicorn Gate, where his car was parked. In the black-out he drove slowly through the town and out into the country, a heavy pouch of official papers at his side. Forty minutes later he turned into his little country house, put the car into a small wooden garage and went indoors.

He lived in a modest style, as he had done all his life. He had married twenty years before, just after the last war; for most of that



DOCTOR: Remember, you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at nights.

PATIENT: Yes, that is what I've been thinking ever since your last bill.

twenty years he had lived in furnished rooms and scantily-furnished flats. It was not until he had achieved the brass hat of a commander that he had been able to afford a regular maid to live in the house. He had two children, a boy of seventeen and a girl of fifteen, both at boarding-schools; their school fees made a heavy drain upon his income.

When he had been promoted to captain he had moved to the little country house at Sheffield without quite realising how much it would cost him; in consequence he had not yet escaped from the gnawing anxieties about money.

He did not regret the move; it was proper that a captain should live in the country, and his wife's delight in the garden was a pleasure to him. But the wages of the second maid and of the part-time gardener were a burden and a difficulty to him and did not help his attitude towards the Royal Air Force.

Enid, his wife, came out to meet him in the hall. "Had a good day?" she asked.

He slung his gas-mask down into a chair, and laid the pouch beside it. "No," he said. "The trials went all right. But you remember that young Air Force cub who sank Caranx?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's back again. The Air Force have made him pilot for these trials."

"Oh, Fred, I am sorry. What-ever made them do a thing like that?"

He turned away. "I never know what makes them do these things. I told them that they'd got to shift him out of it."

He turned away to go and wash.

She said: "Come down and have a drink. Dinner's nearly ready."

"In a minute."

They sat down together to dinner, served by a maid with fat red hands, who breathed heavily as she handed the vegetables.

He told his wife a little of the successful trial that they had had, enough to please her without violating the Official Secrets Act. She told him about the garden, about the crocuses that were beginning to appear and about the snowdrops. He saw very little of his garden in the winter months, because he left the house soon after eight and did not return till after dark. It pleased him to hear her talk about it.

They went into the drawing-room after dinner and sat down before the fire, with coffee. They listened to the nine o'clock news on the wireless, and turned it off again. Enid got out her knitting; presently she said:

"I don't know how I shall get through this month, Fred. Do you think you could let me have another five pounds?"

He raised his eyes from the buff paper he was reading. "Where's it all gone to?"

She said: "There seem to have been a lot of things this month."

HE stared at her, surprised. "I'm not being hard on him, my dear. But he's got to learn."

She said quietly: "I know he's got to learn. He has learned already, from running into the milk-cart. He'll never do that again. There's no point in making him miserable by making him sell his motor-bike." She paused, and then she said: "You know, you are hard on young people, Fred."

He was silent. As a young lieutenant, when he had first been married, he had thought what fun it would be to have a family, to watch his children growing up. It hadn't worked out quite like that.

A trip round the world with Royalty had intervened, then a three-years' commission on the China station. He had been home for a year, and then there had been a commission in New Zealand. A couple of years in the Mediterranean, followed by another spell in China, had filled all the twenty busy years.

In the pressure of work that falls to a successful officer he had had little time to get to know his children. He knew very little of their nature, or the reasons why they did odd things that seemed to him to be so silly.

"Am I hard on them?" he said.

She gathered up her knitting, got up, and crossed the room to him. "A little bit," she said. She kissed him gently on the forehead. "You're a good father, but you don't know a lot about the young." She smiled at him. "I think I'm going up. Don't sit up late."

He said: "I'm expecting a telephone call and I've got a few things to look through." He indicated a heavy pile of buff files lying on the empty pouch. "I shan't be very late."

She left him and he heard her moving about overhead. He sat there working quietly by the dying fire until the telephone rang by his side. He picked up the receiver.

"Hewitt here," it said. "I'm speaking from Emsworth. I'm just leaving, Captain Burnaby, and as Shedfield's on my road I thought I'd look in and see you, if you're still up."

"Certainly. Come in and have a whisky, Wing-Commander."

"I'll look in just for a minute. I'll be with you in about half an hour."

He rang off and the naval officer settled down again before the fire. The papers on his knee failed to hold his mind. His thoughts drifted to his son, the boy that he considered to be so full of promise, who went and did a silly thing like running into the back of a milkcart.

Perhaps Enid was right in saying that he didn't understand the young. These accidents that seemed to him to be so criminal, so desperately wrong, perhaps they were just—youth. It might well be that no further punishment or persecution was required, that the collision with the milk-cart was its own lesson.

It was quite true what Enid had said; he didn't understand the young. A great part of his life had been spent in dealing with them, moulding them into the old naval form in the old naval way. He was too good a technician not to realise that methods much change with the years. His methods had not changed since he had left Dartmouth as a midshipman. He had continued blindly on the old, worn tracks of rigid discipline because he lacked the understanding to thrash out a method of his own for dealing with young officers.

He sat there, deep in thought, before the dying fire. It had hurt him to be told that he was hard.

Presently he heard a car upon the gravel of the drive outside. His servants had both gone to bed; he got up and let Hewitt in himself. In the drawing-room he poured out a whisky and soda for him.

The wing-commander said: "I won't stay long, Captain. I've been dining at Emsworth with Air-Commodore Hughes, and we had a long talk about Chambers. The air-commodore feels that as this is a naval trial we must be guided by your wishes. In view of his past record, if you feel that you'd like a change of pilot we are quite prepared to make it."

The grim bushy eyebrows drew together in a frown. "Give my compliments to Air-Commodore Hughes," the naval officer said, "and tell him I appreciate that very much. But as a matter of fact, I've altered my decision. I want that young man to continue with the trials."

To be continued

LITTLE

Janie was her happy small self, six years old and no problem at all.

Billy sat next to Janie. He did not poke her under the table. He did not tease her. He reminded Judy of John when a big business deal was worrying him.

And Bob? He fiddled with his food. He was very offhand, and casual and preoccupied.

Betsy found no fault with anything. Several times during lunch Judy caught Betsy's eyes upon her with that how-can-I-get-round-mother look.

After lunch she couldn't stand it another minute. They were all up to something. Each had wrestled with his or her problem without confiding in her.

"But they will," she thought. "They'll come any minute now. What shall I say to them?"

Nothing to do but to wait! On the library table lay the new psychology book on child-rearing problems, recommended by Doreen. Judy had bought it, but no power on earth could persuade her to read it. Not to-day. She would be sure she had made every mistake in the book and, not content with that, invented a few.

She seized "Gone With the Wind." "I'm going to stop worrying," Judy thought. "I'm going out into the garden to catch up with my reading."

She moved a deckchair into the sun. She plumped the cushions and seated herself with care. She opened the book.

What was that noise? Just little Janie playing house under the big trees. The little Collins girl was with her. Well, thank heaven, she wouldn't have to worry about them. She read a paragraph.

"Mother?" It was Betsy. "Mother, Jane's asked me over this evening. She's having a party."

"I think that will be very nice, Betsy."

"She's having boys, mother, and the girls are all wearing long dresses."

So that was it. Betsy hadn't got a long dress. Betsy wasn't old enough to have a long dress, or was she?

Jane's mother is letting her choose a long dress all by herself," said Betsy slowly. "I don't suppose you'd trust me to choose a long dress by myself, I don't suppose you would, would you, mother?"

Betsy was afraid her mother would choose a dress with a high neck and sleeves. And so she would—

"Of course I trust you to choose a long dress by yourself," said Judy suddenly and firmly. "I've been thinking for some time that you must begin to choose your own clothes."

"Mother, may I?"

They Also Serve

"Of course." There followed a discussion of prices and shops. "And Betsy"—Judy was astounded to hear herself saying this—"while you're at it, I think you'd better have your hair done. Try something a little more grown-up. You might like a few—a few curls on top. And you must have a manicure, too. Better do that last. The color of your nails will depend on the color of your dress. And, of course, you'll want to match your nail polish to your—to your lipstick."

The minute the words were out Judy wanted to retract them. It was too late now. Betsy had gone.

"There goes my little girl," Judy thought. "What have I done, and what shall I say to John?"

She tore her mind from Betsy and placed it back on the book. She read three paragraphs.

"Mother, I'm going for a swim."

This was Bob speaking.

"Are you, dear?"

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

Hm-mm—he was up to something all right. Judy wanted to say, "Yes, there is. Forget that stupid silly girl, please."

"I think not, thank you, Bob."

"I didn't finish mowing the lawn, mother."

Good gracious! Something was definitely wrong with him.

"I noticed that, Bob."

"I'll finish it to-morrow. Well, good-bye, mother." He walked slowly across the garden, mounted his ancient bicycle, and rattled off.

"If I didn't know him so well, I'd think he was frightened," thought Judy.

Nothing to do but wait! She picked up her book again.

"Mother—?"

"Yes, Billy."

"May I just go down to the shops and buy an aeroplane model? I've got a licence left from my pocket money."

"I'll drive you down in a little while, Billy."

"No," he said slowly. "I think I'll walk. I—I need exercise."

Good gracious!

"Mother?"

"Yes—s-s."

"You know that boy on the corner? Dad says I can lick him now if I have to. Do you think Dad knows what he's talking about?"

Judy almost bit her tongue to keep from saying, "No. Certainly not. Your father is a fine man, and sometimes the world's greatest idiot. The boy's bigger than you are. He's a bully. He's tough. You're too small. You're too—"

"Mother, do you think I can lick him if I have to?"

Continued from page 6

"Of course," said Judy, very matter of fact. "Mind you, I don't believe in fighting generally. However, a boy has to learn to take care of himself. I wouldn't look for trouble if I were you, Billy. But if—"

"If he tries anything on me again I'm going to push his face in," said Billy. "Good-bye, mother," and he was off like a shot, all doubts dispersed.

"I can't stand it," Judy thought. "I simply can't stand it." She ran to the corner of the garden and peered out from behind the shrubs to see if Billy got past the corner house without battle.

Yes, there he was. He was not running. He was walking slowly and deliberately, his head up, his small fists at his sides, doubled up and ready. He'd done it. He was safely by.

Judy returned to her chair. She read five pages without interruption. Then the telephone rang. Let it ring. No—every time Judy did that it always turned out to be something important. Daisy was upstairs evidently, disinclined to trot down and answer it.

"Judy, this is Grace Humphreys."

"Oh, hello, Grace."

"Judy, I don't know whether I should tell you, but Nickie says all the children have gone to watch Bob dive from the high tower."

Judy said: "Not the one—not—"

"I'm afraid so. The newspapers have been agitating to have it taken down because there's a competition among all the boys in the place to see which one is brave enough to dive from it. It seems Bob said he was going to dive to-day, and all the youngsters—"

"Grace, he couldn't be such a—"

"Oh, yes, he could, Judy. He's trying to impress that girl of his. She's making up to a new boy, and Bob thinks—"

"Grace, he'll kill himself. I'm going straight down there."

SHE didn't wait to say good-bye. She called to Daisy, snatched the keys of the car and ran.

It was six miles whichever way you went, and Judy went fast. She parked the car and ran across the grass towards the beach. She stopped short.

There was the tower, rising from the end of the pier, and on the platform at the very top stood Bob. A crowd of children were watching him, calling up to him. They were all there, except two. The soft small blonde was sitting on the grass, talking to a boy. She had her back to the tower. She wasn't even looking.

"I can't do it," Judy moaned. "I'll humiliate him in front of his friends. I can't do it, and I must. I must stop him somehow."

She stepped forward. Before she could call out, Bob stepped forward—oh, so casually—poised an instant and dived.

It was one of the worst moments of Judy's life. She stood perfectly still, frozen with fear. It was an eternity before she saw the splash. All the children ran out on the pier and down on the raft. Two of them helped Bob out.

He hadn't broken his neck, or his arms or his legs. The breath seemed to be knocked out of him a bit. He didn't speak for a moment. Then he shook his head, laughed weakly, and said, "Goosh—that was some dive!"

The little fluffy blonde was still talking to her new admirer. She hadn't even looked round.

Judy stumbled back to the car. She was crying, and so angry with the fluffy blonde she longed to shake her.

She was still weak when she reached home and turned the car into the drive. Little Billy was waiting for her. He came bounding across the grass, yelling triumphantly at the top of his lungs. Thirty feet away Judy could see the hole where the lower half of his front tooth had been.

Judy put iodine on Billy's scratches, and listened to the tale of his victory. When Bob came home and eased himself carefully into a big chair she did not tell him what she thought of him. When Betsy arrived, hugging a large box, she did not ask to see what was in it.

"How do you like my hair?" Betsy asked proudly.

"I think it's lovely," said Judy. "I like the color of your nails, too. It's just right. Not too dark." She



DOCTOR (to ambulance man): Get that man's name so we can notify his mother.

AMBULANCE MAN (a moment later): He says, sir, his mother knows his name.

did not add that never again in this world would Betsy manage to get her map into those swirls and swoops. And that awful little nest of curls on top!

Dinner was pleasanter than it had been for days. Bob was too sunk in disillusion to make fun of Betsy's hair, and John was too proud of Billy's victory to notice it. Little Janie, of course, was her happy small self. No trouble at all.

After dinner Billy went for a ride on his bike. Janie played in her room until bedtime. Betsy went upstairs to dress for the party, John read the paper, and Bob stood in front of Judy, looking sheepish and ashamed of himself.

"You're going to the party, dear?"

Judy asked him.

"No. I'm going to the pictures with some of the fellows. Mother?"

"Yes, Bob."

"You know that girl I've been going about with?"

"The pretty little blonde? Yes, dear."

"Well—I've finished with her. She's—she's a washout. She's selfish too. A man could break his neck for her, and she wouldn't care that much. I just thought I'd tell you, mother."

"You see," Judy said to herself. "Every one of them is working out his own problem. All your worry was wasted. You didn't have anything to do with it."

She picked up her book again. What was that noise? Just Betsy in her room. What was that click-click-click? High heels on the floor. Little Betsy in her first high heels.

"Shall I prepare John for the blow? No. Betsy wants to surprise him. She doesn't want me to offer to help her. She doesn't want me to see her until she's ready."

JUDY read a page. Another page. Then the doorbell rang. John answered it. Judy heard a squeaky young voice say, "I'm Tommy Ewing. Mr. Winslow, I've—I've come for Betsy."

She heard John say, "What? Oh—oh, yes, come in. Come in."

Judy rose quickly to welcome Tommy. She wanted to laugh. It was only yesterday she'd spanked him and sent him home. Yet here he was—in his elder brother's tails, all grown-up and self-conscious, and frightened to death.

She said: "How nice to see you, Tom! John, Tom's taking Betsy over to Jane's this evening. Jane's having a party. Tom, I'll tell Betsy you're here."

She made conversation while they waited for Betsy. She made Tommy feel at home. She called him "Tom" every other sentence, and treated him as if he were an experienced man of the world.

Then Betsy came down the stairs and the three stared transfixed.

Now it was John's turn to be in agony. Judy knew the look. He felt just as she'd felt this afternoon when Billy marched out to battle, and Bob dived from the tower.

Judy went quickly to her daughter's rescue.

"You look lovely, dear," she said softly; and then loudly, "You two must hurry. You'll be late." She practically shoved them out of the front-door, before John could explode.

"Judy, I won't have it! I never was so surprised in my life. I'm going after her. Did you see that stuff on her lips? And that dress—"

"Now-now-now!" Judy said. "Betsy chose that dress herself. She did

a fairly good job, too. Of course it's a little too sophisticated."

"Judy, I won't have it! She's too young. That dress hasn't any back. Why, it comes right down to her—and that skirt of a boy! He looks half-witted—"

"John—Tommy Ewing is a perfectly nice little boy. You forget that he's the son of one of your best friends. Stop worrying. Betsy's growing up. It's a phase. That's all. Oh, John, don't you see? Betsy's been so miserable. Mary grew up long ago, and Betsy couldn't keep up. She'll make mistakes. She'll be silly and foolish. But she must learn and, John, if you dare to stop her—"

"But, Judy."

"Oh, darling, I've had such a day. I haven't accomplished a thing. Not a thing all day long. I know how you feel about Betsy. How do you think I felt when Billy went off to his fight? And I wasn't going to tell you, but Bob dived off the high tower to impress his girl, and I rushed to stop him. Only when I got there I couldn't do it. I couldn't humiliate him in front of his friends. John, surely you can stand and suffer a little while Betsy grows up?"

"Well," said John, "if you put it like that. He took his pipe, bit the end of it savagely, and walked out of the room."

"Call Billy in," Judy called after him. "It's time he went to bed."

Peace at last. She picked up her book and began to read. She scarcely heard Billy come to say good-night. Peace at last.

"Judy!" It was John speaking. "Judy, I've been thinking about what you said about Betsy. You're right. You're absolutely right. I can't tell you how hard it is for me to see her sprout so—so suddenly."

"Yes, dear," Judy said, without having heard a word.

"You said you accomplished nothing to-day, Judy. You're wrong. It seems to me you accomplished a great deal. Don't you see, Judy? You did the hardest thing a mother is ever called upon to do. That is to stand by and watch her children get into danger, and not rush in and snatch them out. Judy, are you listening at all to a word I say?"

She looked up.

"Darling," she said. "I'm sorry. I didn't hear a word. I've been trying to read this book all the afternoon. Was it—was it something important, dear?"

He grinned down at her.

"No-o-o-o!" he said. "Not very. I'll keep. I'll tell you later. I'm going up to bed now."

The day was almost over. She was alone at last. Funny that she could hardly see the words. She crawled through one page. Two pages. Three pages.

"Mother!"

"Why, Janie, what on earth are you doing up at this hour?"

"Mother, my face hurts! It hurts here. And I'm hot, too!"

Judy put down her book and took a long look at her youngest.

Mumps. No doubt about it. Mumps! Well, why not? Why not have everything happen to-day and get it over?

She bundled Janie upstairs.

"It won't be so bad," she thought. "It won't be bad at all. I'll have to stay at home with Janie. I'll finish 'Gone With the Wind.' I'll read that new book on psychology. I'll work on the bedspread I started when John and I were married. No—it won't be bad. I'll really accomplish something. I'll get something done."

(Copyright)

DREAM HOME TICKETS

ON SALE JAN. 20

At Red Cross Branches, Newsagents, and our Headquarters, Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TICKETS SENT TO YOU
FILL IN THIS COUPON CLEARLY AND MAIL TO-DAY

To the Secretary,
RED CROSS DREAM HOME,
Box 65 CC, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I understand that Dream Home tickets are available on January 20.

Single tickets cost 1/- each.
Books of 6 tkts. cost 5/- each (1 free ticket).
Books of 12 tkts. cost 10/- each (2 free tickets).

Please forward me tickets in the Dream Home

..... books of 6 tickets

..... books of 12 tickets

for which I enclose shillings.

Name

Address

State

I enclose a 2d. stamp for my tickets, to help the Red Cross.

The Homemaker

January 17, 1942

The Australian Women's Weekly

31

Her dream home . . .

● Lovely indeed is Mrs. Keith Martin's home illustrated on this page. Gracious in its livableness, charming, different, it inspired The Australian Women's Weekly to ask Mrs. Martin to choose furnishings and equipment for the £5000 "Dream Home" which we have given to the Red Cross. Mrs. Martin, an indefatigable war worker, consented. — (Coupon with details on opposite page.)



● ABOVE you view the eastern end and, at right, the northern end of the gracious and charming living-room. Walls are pale sage-green, ceilings delicately tinted in the same tone. A dark lime-green carpet covers the floor. The invitingly restful settee and chairs are glazed chintz covered with a Chinese Chippendale pattern, rioting on a pale yellow background.

● One chair is upholstered in pink velveteen—picking up a color in the chintz. French ormolu clock and candlesticks on mantelpiece. A quaint old canterbury (magazine-stand) lends charm.

● Tall windows are a feature of this lovely room with their cascading curtains of palest yellow voile. The mahogany table was once the desk of Governor Macquarie.



● A DEPARTURE in coloring and treatment from the ordinary is Mrs. Martin's dining-room. A rich mulberry carpet covers the floor. Green and white colonial-style wallpaper decorates walls. The furniture is mahogany, Sheraton design. The chairs around the table, which is set for luncheon, are upholstered in a beautifully-patterned chintz. It's a feast for the eyes.



● THE GUEST-ROOM furnished for luxurious comfort and relaxation. Walls are covered with a bluish-grey striped wallpaper, while a soft, peach-toned carpet covers the floor.

● Softly draped curtains are of crisp peach organdie. The lovely quilted bedspread is also fashioned from organdie. Furniture is mahogany. Dressing-table seat is upholstered in blue.

By . . .
Our
Home
Decorator

● MRS. MARTIN'S own bedroom is certainly a dream come true. Artistry of brain and hand realised. Regency striped walls, mushroom carpeted floor, and exquisitely patterned Cubelaine curtains sweep the floor.

● The quilted bed-cover of the same fabric has a mushroom chiffon under-trill. Soft lime-green covers the chair you see. An old Italian bed-lamp is set in the wall above the bed.



Bonny!

Do take advantage of this chance to secure an outfit for your little one. Note that it's ideal for baby boys, too. Plenty of freedom for play and movement. All ready to cut out and sew, the outfit comes in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green linen.

To fit 1 to 2 years, 9/11; 2 to 4 years, 10/6; postage 6d. extra. Paper pattern only, 1/4; transfer 1/3 from our Needlework Department. Ask for No. 155.



155



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NO girl or woman will be able to resist this smart pyjama suit. It comes to you all in readiness to cut out and make up. The material used is a lovely crepe-de-chine. And there is a wide choice of shades from which to choose. Full details below.

Send for it!

TAILORED PYJAMA SUIT

THIS smart pyjama suit can be had now from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality crepe-de-chine with the pattern clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and embroider.

And look at the array of soft, glowing shades to choose from in addition to white: pink, palest pink, sky, light saxe, gold-dust, mauve, and apple-green crepe-de-chine.

We suggest you embroider the motifs in pastel shades of lemon and green, or two tones of blue, in stem-stitch and satin-stitch.

Here are the sizes and prices (quote No. 176 when ordering): 32in. to 34in. bust, 22/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 25/6, plus 9d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/10. Embroidery transfer, 1/6 extra.



"LOVELY SKIN WINS AND HOLDS ROMANCE. I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S A WONDERFUL HELP KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH."

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Joan Bennett
A COLUMBIA STAR in
"She Knew All The Answers"

LUX TOILET SOAP

is supercreamed — gives a rich, luxurious lather



You can easily grow the GORGEOUS HIPPEASTRUM

● Few bulbous flowers provide the gardener with bigger, brighter or better blooms for outdoor or indoor decoration in spring than the colorful hippeastrum.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE dry spring last year suited this sun-worshipper well, and it provided a gorgeous display until the dry, hot weather experienced in many districts called a halt to its gay pageantry.

And here we are in January, the first of the four months during which it is safe to set out the big, fleshy bulbs of this member of the amaryllis family.

If the gardener has not already prepared the soil, get it ready now, and add plenty of fibrous matter to the ground, for the plants require cool conditions for a long time before they peep through the soil.

For best results

At the same time the soil must be well drained, for hippeastrums object to waterlogged conditions. Leaf-mould should be applied to the soil, and some bone-dust is very acceptable to them.

Blossoms range from pure white to deepest red, with many mixtures of white and pink, red and white, and strawberry. The foliage is usually evergreen unless grown in frosty districts, when it is cut down during winter, but comes away green and fresh in springtime.

Usually the bulbs dislike disturbance, and for that reason are left standing for several years, as constant lifting results in non-flowering.

When the clumps become overcrowded, however, they may be lifted and divided, the small offsets being planted out separately. These are very slow to flower and frequently take four to six years before reaching the blossoming stage.

The common method of increase is by seeds, which take from two to four years to reach flowering. They

cross readily, and for this reason seed-raising is an interesting method of producing new plants.

Few of the seeds come true to type, and some of the best hippeastrums in the world are seedlings. The first flowers are often eight or nine inches across, and a choice seedling is often worth its weight in gold to the specialist.

These hybrids are greatly sought by exhibitors, and some of the finest varieties in the world have been raised by Australians in recent years.

As the flowers are borne on thick, fleshy stems, and last extremely well, both in the garden and indoors, they are regarded as the brightest of gems of the bulbous flowering world.

Thick, fleshy bulbs about three inches in diameter are the best to buy, as they may be relied upon to flower the year after planting.

The worst pests of the hippeastrum are slugs and snails, which eat off both the foliage and flowering shoots unless kept under control. Mosaic disease, which appears in patches on the leaves, is the most serious trouble. This is incurable and affected tubers should be destroyed.

Tubers or bulbs should be planted out any time between now and early May.

Plant sweet peas

IF you want to reap a rich harvest of fragrant blossom in winter, plant sweet peas. But do so now.

Make a trench at least two feet deep for these beauties. Place porous material at the bottom of the bed and fill up with all the good plant food you can lay your hands on.

Many experts soak the seeds overnight before planting in order to soften the hard outer shell. This is a much easier method than cutting the skins of the slippery seed with a sharp knife.

**YOURS
FOR
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MIRA PLUM
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"Skyhigh" for popularity, Rosella Mira Plum Jam, packed in hygienic gold-lined cans, has achieved outstanding success. Other Rosella favorites — Melon & Lemon, Quince.

Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS



For
every occasion
we offer you
SANDWICHES

• Even though you may pride yourself on cutting a fine sandwich you'll welcome this page with a glad heart. It's packed with help—and bright ideas.

By **MARY FORBES**

Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's
Weekly.

SUGGESTED FILLINGS

For Office: Minced ham and grated apple.

Minced radishes and mayonnaise.

Grated carrot and horseradish sauce.

Minced corn beef, pounded to a paste, with parsley and mustard.

Shredded pineapple and cream cheese.

Sliced or minced beef with celery.

Grated cheese and chutney.

For Luncheon: Serve as club sandwiches, plain or toasted, in triangular half slices, with lettuce, sliced tomatoes or other salad vegetables as a garnish.

Or serve as a salad loaf. This is made by slicing the loaf lengthwise, spreading the layers with savory fillings and salad greens, and re-forming the loaf. The loaf is then covered with a thick mayonnaise and chilled. Serve whole with salad garnish and slice at table.

Again, serve as finger rolls, split, spread with savory mixture, and insert lettuce leaf or other crisp salad greens. Here are suggestions:

Cucumber, salmon, and sliced egg.

Sliced beetroot, cooked french beans and sliced egg.

Ham, peanut butter, shredded lettuce, and mayonnaise.

Cheese, onion, and mustard.

Shrimp and tobacco sauce.

Anchovy-paste, egg, and cress.

For Afternoon Tea: Minced celery and almonds moistened with mayonnaise.

Cream cheese and minced preserved ginger.

Nasturtium leaves (young) and mayonnaise.

Thinly sliced cucumber with sardines and lemon juice.

Sweet corn, carefully seasoned.

Creamed brains and walnuts.

For Supper: Egg and chopped pickles.

Crab, egg and mayonnaise.

Peanut butter and minced bacon.

Tomato, drained, well-peppered, and with a hint of eschalot or onion.

Cheese, mustard and minced olives.

Minced tongue and gherkins.

Sweet Sandwiches: Serve in the place of biscuits, cookies, or tarts.

WE SHOW YOU a tempting array of attractively prepared sandwiches. Note, at top left, the lily variety—a delicious novelty with centre of creamed egg-yolk and gherkin stamens for a realistic finish. In the lower right-hand corner you see another novelty labelled apricot and walnut. An inner circle is cut from the top layer of bread.

Make with white, brown, nut or fruit bread. Do not make too moist. Suggested fillings:

Fruit mincemeat.

Apricot and walnut.

Raisin or prune and chopped nuts.

Banana, moistened with lemon juice after mashing.

Honey and grated orange rind.

Date and nut moistened with cream, mayonnaise, or orange marmalade.

Date and preserved ginger.

Shredded pineapple and ginger.

Minced dried apricot and coconut moistened with lemon or orange juice.

Lemon, orange or passionfruit butter.

Especially for the Children:

Minced lamb and parsley moistened with salad dressing.

Egg and minced celery.

Peanut butter and finely-shredded lettuce.

Meat paste and grated carrot.

Pounded liver and hard-boiled egg.

Grated cheese and marmite.

And now some recipes for toasted sandwiches.

TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES

Cover the surface of half of the desired number of slices of bread with thinly sliced cheese or spreading cheese. Spread with mustard or sprinkle with Worcestershire or similar sauce if desired. Top with remaining slices of bread. Toast.

HAMBURGER SANDWICHES

Half-pound minced beef, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 8 thin slices bread, butter.

Mix the beef, salt and pepper and form into thin cakes 3in. in diameter. Sauté in hot fat in a skillet until cooked to the desired degree of rareness. Serve hot between the slices of buttered bread. These are especially good between slices of buttered toasted rye bread. Makes 4 hamburger sandwiches.

**They arrived
this way!**

• Long ago in "Merrie" England, John Montague, fourth Earl of Sandwich, was seated at a gaming table with several of his friends. Dinner had been announced, but the earl was loath to leave the game.

• Time passed, and pangs of hunger assailed him, becoming more insistent as he tried to forget them. At last, in exasperation, he roared for a servant to bring him bread and meat. Still intent on his playing, he put a slice of meat between two slices of bread, so that he might eat with one hand and play with the other.

• Pleased with the result, he dubbed it a "sandwich," little dreaming what an infinite variety of descendants it would have. Dainty tea sandwiches—even the hearty picnic or lunch-box sandwiches—are a far cry from the first crude one, but we have an earl to thank for the idea that created it, and wasn't it a truly royal invention?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

GRILLED OPEN HAM, CHEESE, AND TOMATO SANDWICHES

Eight 1-inch slices white bread, butter, 1lb. boiled ham, 1lb. cheese, 3 medium tomatoes, salt, pepper.

Spread the bread slices with butter. Cover with thin slices of ham, then with cheese, either sliced or of the spreading variety. Top with thin slices of tomato and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Grill under low heat until the cheese is melted and lightly browned. Makes 8 full-sized sandwiches.

MY earnest advice to every homemaker is this: Vary frequently the type of bread or roll from which routine (school and office) sandwiches are made.

The bread may be white, brown, whole wheat, nut, home-made, or baking-powder bread; the rolls either of the finger variety, twisted, poppy seed or caraway.

One sandwich loaf cuts into about 32 slices. For dainty sandwiches remove crusts before buttering and save for crumb puddings, fruit or savory scallops, soup sippets or dried breadcrumbs.

If using fancy-shaped cutters it is more economical to cut before spreading.

Before spreading cream the butter over warm water or cream with a little hot milk. With moist and creamy fillings spread only one side with butter.

SHAPES AND VARIATIONS

The usual double slices may be cut into finger-lengths, triangles, squares, or fancy shapes.

The single slice may be spread and rolled and left whole or cut in two. Slices may be spread and piled high, wrapped and chilled and then cut down into ribbon slices.

The pin-wheel sandwich is made by cutting slices the length of the loaf, spreading, rolling firmly and cutting across.

Sandwiches may be plain or toasted. Club and salad sandwiches are dealt with separately.

Fillings: These should be soft enough to spread, but not too soft. Experiment with new combinations of sweet and savory mixtures.

Packing: Pack firmly in waxed paper. If made several hours before serving wrap again in a dry cloth and then in a damp cloth and store in refrigerator or cold place.

Service: Vary the arrangement; garnish with salad greens or small fruits. Cultivate a dainty, appetising service.

HOME-TESTED PRIZE RECIPES

● A file worth its weight in gold can be made of these prizewinning recipes. If you have not started one, do so at once. And send us your favorite — it may be a winner!

EVERY week a prize of £1 is awarded for the best entry, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

GRAPEFRUIT AND CRAB SALAD

One cup grapefruit pulp, 1 cup crab meat, 1 cup sliced cucumber, 1 cup celery, 1 lettuce, cream dressing.

Peel grapefruit and free pulp of all membrane. Cut in pieces, mix with crab meat, cucumber, and celery, and marinate in cream dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Cream Dressing: 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, 3 teaspoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper, juice of 1 lemon.

Mix milk and cream gradually with sauce, sugar, salt and pepper, and stir in the lemon juice.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. B. Becke, 346 Park Road, Centennial Park, N.S.W.

DEVONSHIRE SPLITS

Sieve together 10oz. plain flour, 2oz. sugar, and a pinch salt. Melt 2oz. butter and add 1 1/2 gills milk, and make lukewarm. Cream 1oz. yeast with 1 teaspoon sugar and stir in milk and butter.

Make a well in centre of flour and strain in yeast and milk, mixing all to form a soft dough. Cover basin with a cloth and stand in a warm place to rise, 2 hours.

Turn dough onto a floured board, knead it well, and divide it into 24 balls. Place on a baking-sheet and put in a warm place to rise. Then bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes and, when ready, cool the buns on a cake rack and partly split them open.

Drop in spoonfuls of strawberry jam and a spoonful of Devonshire or whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, Rosemead, Moonta, S.A.

CHERRY AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Four pounds cherries, 1 medium-sized pineapple, preserving sugar.

Pick, wash, and stone cherries. Cut pineapple (unpeeled) in quarters, then grate it. Reserve all juice. Weigh together both fruits, allow equal quantity of sugar. Put all in a preserving pan. Bring slowly to the boil. Stir frequently, then boil 45 minutes or until marmalade jellies.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.



TEMPTING FEAST for eye and palate . . . This tea-table is set for a Saturday or Sunday evening when the big meal has been served at midday and everybody feels like something light for supper. Crisp leaves of romaine lettuce give a lift to the potato salad bordered with slices of hard-boiled eggs, tomato, and garnished with chopped chives.

GROUND RICE AND APPLE FLUMMERY

Two cups stewed apples, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 strip of lemon peel, a few cloves, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons ground rice, 1 cup cream.

Beat stewed apples with sugar, butter, lemon peel, and cloves. Mix and pour into a buttered pie dish. Boil milk, stir in ground rice mixed with a little cold milk. Sweeten to taste, and stir till thick. Let the rice cool a little. Pour over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven till browned. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Holmes, 87 Barkly St., Nth. Fitzroy, Vic.

ORANGE SLICES

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons all bran, a little grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add honey and beaten egg gradually. Mix well. Sift flour and baking powder, add to creamed mixture with all bran, orange rind, and chopped nuts. Bake in a buttered sandwich tin in a moderate oven 25 minutes. When cold cut into slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Dowling, 24 Queen St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Miss Precious Minutes says:



TO PREVENT cake or biscuit mixture from clinging to the spoon, dip the spoon into a cup of milk, and the mixture will drop from it into the tins quite easily. Rita Hayworth, Columbia star pictured above, is awake to this hint. It's good!

A FEW drops of glycerine added to the hot, soapy water in which you wash your powder puffs will remove all dirt and grease, and leave the puff soft and fluffy.

MOISTEN some silver paper (from chocolate or cigarettes), roll into a ball and rub chromium fittings with it. This will clean off spots and discoloration.

DAVIS DAINTY DISHES



Davis Gelatine adds to the food value of every meal at which a Davis Dainty Dish is served. When foods are prepared with Davis Gelatine they are more easily digested and the best use is made of their nourishing properties. Remember, Davis Gelatine makes simple everyday foods more pleasing, taste better, and go further.

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to food economy

TRY THIS NEW DAVIS RECIPE
CAULIFLOWER AND EGG SALAD
6 Servings

Ingredients:

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine.
1/4 cup hot water.
1 tablespoon lemon juice or more to taste.
2 tablespoons vinegar.
2 tablespoons sugar.
Nutmeg, salt, pepper.
2 cups cooked cauliflower.
Gherkins.
2 hard-boiled eggs.

Method:

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar, pinch of salt and make up to 1 cup with cold water; add lemon juice and vinegar. Place a little in the bottom of the mould, when firm arrange a garnish; just cover with more liquid, when firm arrange cauliflower, slices of gherkin, and pieces of egg, sprinkling the layers with nutmeg, salt, and pepper. Carefully add the gelatine mixture when thickening. Serve with lettuce and dressing.



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When you're
feeling like
this —



Make a Cool, delicious KRAFT SALAD



KRAFT PINEAPPLE SALAD

6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, 4 large slices pineapple, 1 small cucumber, 1 cup cooked green peas, 2 large tomatoes, 2 cup shredded raw carrot, lettuce, radishes, mayonnaise, olives or gherkins.

Arrange pineapple slices and prepared radishes in centre of large salad plate and dress with mayonnaise. Surround with slices of Kraft Cheddar

Cheese, and lettuce cups containing cucumber, peas, tomato and shredded carrot. Garnish with olives or gherkins. Serve with additional mayonnaise. Serves 4.



Stuff tomatoes with shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, finely minced ham and a

dash of Kraft Mayonnaise. Arrange on lettuce leaves, with a garnish of grated raw carrot, celery curls and potato chips. Serve with additional Mayonnaise. You've guessed it — Stuffed Tomato Salad!



Make a combination plate of potato salad, in lettuce cups,

sliced tomato, cucumber and orange, add a few asparagus tips dipped lightly in Kraft Mayonnaise, and garnish with radish roses. Serve with crisp bread rolls and butter.



For an individual salad, cut a whole tomato into petals,

keeping whole at the base. Place this on a cored pineapple slice, and arrange a border of shredded lettuce on plate around it. Garnish tomato with shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

Crisp green vegetables, luscious fruit, golden Kraft Cheddar Cheese and creamy-smooth Kraft Mayonnaise — there's your recipe for delicious summer salads! Remember, one 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar contains all the goodness of 4 pints of rich, creamy milk. Kraft Cheddar

is pasteurised and foil-wrapped — that's why it stays fresh, creamy and delicious to the last mellow slice. Put an 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar Cheese down on your shopping list. Give your family plenty of exciting Kraft salads right through the hot summer months.

KRAFT CHEDDAR CHEESE

—for cool summer salads

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THIS EXCITING BOOK OF KRAFT RECIPES — "CHEESE AND WAYS TO SERVE IT" In N.S.W. write to Box 1969 V, G.P.O., Syd.; in Queensland to "Kraft" Walker Cheese Co., Brix.; in Vic and other States to Box 1673 N, G.P.O., Melb. (Enclose 2d. in stamps for postage, etc.).

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